

# Sports

WORLD SERIES IN COLOR

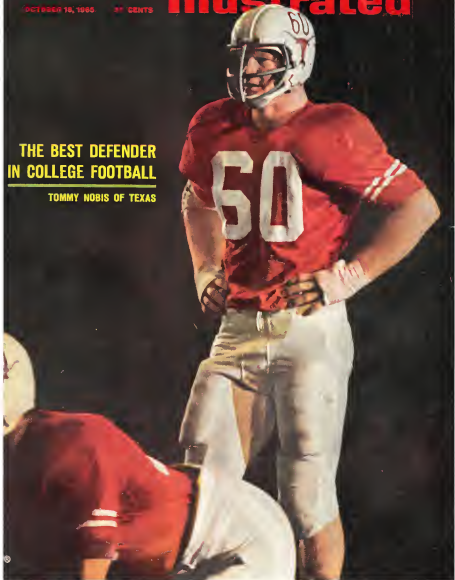
# Illustrated

OCTOBER 18, 1965

35 CENTS

## THE BEST DEFENDER IN COLLEGE FOOTBALL

TOMMY NOBIS OF TEXAS



# ZENITH COLOR TV



*Hand craftsmanship involves the  
pride and reputation of the maker—  
that is why we proudly*

*Handcraft every Zenith Color TV  
for greater dependability*

For generations, skilled craftsmen have taken pride in their work. And so they should. Handcrafted things are built better to last longer.

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And Zenith's exclusive Super Gold Video Guard Tuning System—with 125 gold contacts—for ultra-sensitive reception and longer TV life.

See Zenith Color TV—available with Zenith Space Command® VHF Remote Control—in a wide selection of fine-furniture cabinetry at your Zenith dealer's now. At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.®



BUILT BETTER BECAUSE IT'S HANDCRAFTED



If there's  
a better  
automatic shotgun

it's a  
well-kept  
secret

If years of satisfactory service under every known condition will substantiate the excellence of a product, few of any type have so remarkably qualified as the Browning Automatic-5.

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8 years getting ready  
for tonight.

It's opening night!



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## Next week

PRO BASKETBALL'S perennial champs, the Celtics, have aging, injury-prone stars but, says Bill Russell, they have the savvy to win, and he reveals how he psychs his opponents.

IT'S HIGH NOON now in the Southwest, where Texas takes on Arkansas in college football's most critical game to date. From Fayetteville, Dan Jenkins reports on the battle.

TWO THOUSAND pheasants are downed on a Scottish hunt that offers a stimulating combination of action and elegance. A member of the shoot, Banker Walter Binson, describes it.



In addition to being the best defender in college football, Texas Linebacker Tommy Nobis has another distinction. He is a landmark. This has nothing to do with the fact that in both size and coloration he somewhat resembles the University of Texas Tower, which also has a glowing orange top. What makes Nobis a landmark is that he is the fifth Longhorn to appear on our cover, moving Texas out of a three-way tie with Oklahoma and Notre Dame.

Like many cover subjects, Nobis is important not only for his physical prowess but also as the representative of a trend. Since November of 1959, when the Longhorns made their cover debut with Quarterback Bobby Lackey and his lovely wife (*below*), Texas has been one of the dominant teams in the land. When All-America Halfback Jimmy Saxton appeared two years later the Longhorns were on their way to a 10-1 season and a victory over Mississippi in the Cotton Bowl. In 1963 another Texas quarterback, Duke Carlisle, sliced through Oklahoma to earn a

No. 1 ranking that was never relinquished through a perfect 11-0 season. The most recent Texas cover appeared last January. Ernie Koy, now a New York Giant rookie, ran alongside the words TEXAS UPSETS NO. 1! The story described Texas' victory over previously unbeaten Alabama and a future New York Jet rookie, Joe Namath.

But a person does not have to be an All-America halfback or linebacker, go undefeated, outperform \$400,000 quarterbacks or have a beautiful wife to make a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED college football cover. He does not even have to be from Texas, since the Midwest still outranks the Southwest 16 covers to seven, and there have also been nine from the East, five from the South and four from the West. The record shows he does not even have to be a football player. Cheerleaders have made it and marching bands and the Yale Bulldog. Once Shirley MacLaine achieved it, running 99 yards for a touchdown past camels and Bedouin warriors in the Mojave Desert—which, we will admit, is doing it the hard way.

The solid path to our cover is much less exotic. Just have the kind of season that will win the Heisman Trophy. Ohio State's Hopalong Cassidy, Army's Pete Dawkins, Notre Dame's Paul Hornung and John Huarte and Navy's Joe Bellino and Roger Staubach all used this approach. And so did tall, lean Terry Baker of Oregon State, the only college player to appear on our cover twice. He was The Best Athlete in College in his junior year, 1961. Then, on January 7, 1963, he was our Sportsman of the Year.

We do not, however, claim infallibility. Our cover of November 18, 1957 featured a joyous Oklahoma bench and the words WHY OKLAHOMA IS UNBEATABLE, a non realistic appraisal of a Sooners team that had gone undefeated through 47 games and seemed destined to continue undefeated for 47 more. That weekend Oklahoma lost to Notre Dame. It was a delicious Saturday night in South Bend. Pretty quiet around here.

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1960—BOBBY LACKEY



1961—JIMMY SAXTON



1963—DUKE CARLISLE



1965—ERNE KOY

# FOOTLOOSE

Seattle finds real-time enjoyment in boating and mountains and football

Ever since the schooner *Essex*, out of Portland, Ore., landed off a lonely, windswept point and deposited its cargo of axes, brandy, tobacco, whiskey and 12 adults and 12 children, Seattle has held tenaciously to its boast, "the largest city in the world for its age." It would never occur to the city's proud residents to put their slogan to a test, but the fact remains that since its founding in 1851 Seattle has grown, steadily and vigorously, to become the Pacific Northwest's unchallenged metropolis. And it always has retained its restless aura of youth, what one visitor admiringly called "a characteristic of exuberant adolescence."

Long before America's explosive discovery of do-it-yourself sports, Seattle's hardy adults ranged all over the region's abundant streams, 3,813 lakes, its challenging mountains and 193 miles of sheltered coastline. Few people paid much attention to it was scarcely noted in the press) this summer when Washington's governor, Seattleite Dan Evans, took a weekend off and scaled nearby Mt. Rainier's glacial 14,410-foot summit.

The same thing, after all, has been done many times by some of the 4,000 members of the city's Mountaineers Club, several of whom skied back down. While he might quote you the latest sales figures on flooring (famed 70% and 72%), it would never occur to a Seattle patriot to point out that the city's mayor, 95-year-old J. D. (Dorrie) Braman, is an ardent weekend skier, or that its ranking putnam, 95-year-old banker Joshua Green, is a determined grouse hunter. It is not uncommon, either, to look out from Seattle's towering 600-foot Space Needle observation deck and see dozens of tiny fishing boats maneuvering among giant freighters in Elliott Bay. Their owners catch king salmon within walking distance of their homes.

Not that Seattle's 564,000 residents are blasé about their blessings. It's just that the city, pinched at its waist by Puget Sound on the west and Lake Washington on the east, settled between two awesome mountain ranges, the Cascades and the Olympics, is inescapably part of the outdoors. Many of Boeing's 55,000 employees, some of them deep in projects to land us on the moon, carry fly rods in their cars for a spot of stream fishing before work.

High on the list of spectator sports in Seattle and the Northwest is the line old diversion of mountain watching. "The mountains are out today," is a favorite expression of Seattle people, who cheerfully endure the long weeks in winter when the whole area is pressed down by heavy rain clouds. No fewer than 1,118,955 travelers visited Mt. Rainier

National Park this year, many of them Seattleites who drove the 85 miles for a close-up look at their mountain.

Then there is boating. It is scarcely possible to travel a single block in any one of Seattle's hilly, view-rich residential areas without seeing boats of all shapes and functions parked in garages, backyards and even on the streets themselves.

It is small wonder, then, that Seattle likes to call itself the "boating capital of America," and that it also claims the nation's largest sporting crowd—the estimated 250,000 people who annually watch the unlimited hydroplane races on Lake Washington. Ever since a Seattle designer, Ted Jones, devised the great three-point prop rider, *Sko-Mo-Skon II*, and won hydroplaning's highest trophy, the Gold Cup, Seattle has been fanatically devoted to its annual contests of speed by the belching, snub-nosed monsters. The hydroplane races provide a dramatic, windup to Seattle's 10-day summer Seafair, a water-oriented festival of clowns, pirates and civic dignitaries parading under such grandiose titles as King Neptune and Seafair Commodore.

The pleasure of boating is itself woven into the whole fabric of Seattle's leisure life. The annual opening-day regatta, for example, is less an exercise in navigational skills than a social event. Each spring more than 1,000 boats, from putt-putts to giant diesel cruisers, come together for a parade on Lake Washington—complete with giddy costumes, dancing girls, colorful ceremonies, signal flags and prizes for best-in-show. The University of Washington, located near the water's edge, offers both credit and noncredit courses in sailing and powerboat navigation. Boats are a lively, almost a necessary part of Washington's home football season. More than 200 craft, including several tightly packed sightseeing boats, crowd the university's specially built moorage facilities within a few hundred feet of the 55,500-seat stadium.

Denied major league baseball and professional football, Seattle lavishes its pride and beautiful affection on the Huskies, who have been to the Rose Bowl three times since 1980. Seattle is a city frantic for football. The composite Seattle citizen may carry in his wallet such minimal necessities of life as his credit cards, his fishing and hunting license, his membership in any of 12 yacht clubs, his card to one or more of eight private golf courses, his ski club membership, even his boat registration. But a choice season ticket to Husky football games is a symbol of his rank in the community. All of Washington's home games this year were virtually sold out before the season began.

To satisfy the ever-increasing demand for more seats, the university announced plans this year to build another addition to its stadium, adding 20,718 more seats and bringing the U-W stadium to a capacity of



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**FOOTLOOSE** *continued*

76,218, sixth largest college stadium in the country. Nearly 50,000 seats will be under cover—a luxury in this city where no experienced fan would be caught without umbrella or corks.

The Washington coach, Jim Owens, enjoys a state of near sunbath in Seattle, and when he began building a new home on Laurelhurst Point, just across the water from the U.W. stadium, students wryly observed that "Jim can now walk on water." Owens, a transplanted Oklahoman, has himself fallen captive to the Northwest. In the past two years he has become an ardent, if somewhat unstable, skier, who, like thousands of other Seattleites, takes off weekly for the nearby slopes at Snoqualmie Pass.

The most informed guests peg the number of Greater Seattle area skiers at 170,000—a figure said to exceed the entire skiing population of New York. There may well be that many (the so-called Greater Seattle area comprises 1.1 million people), and on good weekends they flock to the Cascades' eight ski areas to the number of 45,000. No large city—with the possible exception of Munich—is so afflicted by the contagion of skiing, housewives' classes abound, mass ski schools are the rule, and the conductor of the country's largest private ski school, Outdoorsman Buzz Fiorani ("the most expensive baby-sitter in town"), enjoys a fame unrivaled by many of the city's sports celebrities.

Is Seattle really a "good" sports town? The city asks this question in sporadic bursts of self-examination, although many doubt if revenue can be raised to build an all-purpose stadium to attract "big-time" franchises. Baseball struggles fitfully along at Sicks' Stadium (doomed by a freeway in a few years), where once Seattle's fans set minor league attendance records. It is notably enthusiastic about its hockey team, the Totems (275,000 fans last winter), especially since the World's Fair of 1962 produced a modern coliseum which seats 12,300. The legacy of the fair is large along Seattle's waterfront skyline. The Space Needle restaurant and observation deck drew 782,429 visitors at \$1 per ride up its swift outside elevators.

Seattle is a city that long has yearned to be taken seriously as a "major league" sports center, and it twitches defensively when such a noted visitor as Stan Musial is heard to observe, "Man, this is a long way from anywhere." But Seattle is too busy to brood over what might be called its shortcomings. There are fish to be caught, lakes to be sailed, peaks to be climbed, trails to be hiked, beaches to be combed and slopes to be skied. Seattle still has that characteristic of exuberant adolescence—and plenty of room to work it off.

—EMMETT WALTON



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# BOOKTALK

A cookbook for hunters and fishermen brings wildlife right to the dinner table

The big-game hunter who, at the end of the deer season, hopes never to eat another slice of leftover venison, or the rifleman who fells a bear without a clear idea of what to do with the carcass, could profit by presenting his wife with a copy of Gertrude Parke's *Going Wild in the Kitchen*. It is a cookbook enthusiastically devoted to such hardy fare as Roast Bear Paws, Roast Venison with Whortleberries (blackberries), Mooseburgers, Woodcock Flambee—to name only a few of the recipes which offer solutions to one of the sportsman's seasonal dilemmas. There is no reason why America should not have its own *haute cuisine*, argues Mrs. Parke. "We fall into deplorable culinary ruts and fail to use our imaginations . . . to turn to what our native land so readily produces." When, for example, did you last present your guests with an appetizer of Marinated Fiddleheads? The fiddlehead, or cinnamon fern, grows along any stream in shady places. The city dweller who looks in vain for a stream on 42nd Street or in downtown Cleveland may now find fiddleheads canned or even fresh in some large markets. You can always find nettles for soup to precede your Wild Duck in Wine. A duck is frequently easier to shoot than to cook. "There are those who claim that a duck should be merely carried through a warm room," muses the author, launching us thus on a fascinating discussion of what to do with game birds. You might try Grouse with Grapes, Quail and Cabbage, Turkey-Oyster Pie. American woods still abound in smaller game. Muskrat is sometimes sold in eastern markets under the name of "marsh rabbit" or served at restaurants as "manquash." Under any name, fried, broiled or stewed, it is good eating, says Mrs. Parke.

A great portion of the book is devoted to fish: how and where to catch it, clean it, cook it and eat it. In April the American smelt (*Osmerus mordax*) arrives in Lake Erie, near where Mrs. Parke lives. "We may have had an early dinner and are enjoying our coffee . . . when we hear the tinkle of a bell outside: Hank and Betty have come for us with their smelt-mobile, and we know that the smelt are running." (A smelt-mobile is essentially an orange crate mounted on wheels.) Eight recipes then follow describing the quick fate of the smelt, which may be cooked on the beach, French-fried, pan-fried, shirred, prepared au gratin, baked, stuffed and baked, or cooked au brochette. The same loving care is given to bass, bullheads, catfish, carp, perch, trout or anything, for that matter, with gills and enough nerve to swim past Mrs. Parke and her crew.

—JEANNETTE BAUCK



The Scandinavian-styled Lundberg 21" Color TV has Agilomab Color Painter, one-set VHF line tuning



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The solid kind.**



It's breathtaking. New RCA Victor Color TV. Even people who understand how it works watch it in awe. With pleasure.

If those glorious colors don't convince you, wait a minute. There are two important things you can't see behind that beautiful color picture.

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What else is behind that great color picture? Experience. RCA Victor has more experience in Color TV than many manufacturers have in making black-and-white sets. Stand to reason, doesn't it, that the one proved in the most homes will work best in yours?

A word about cabinet styles. See Spanish, Early American, Contemporary, Scandinavian, French or Italian

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Good reasons, aren't they, for looking at RCA Victor Color TV first? You'll see why more people own RCA Victor Color TV than any other kind.

Shouldn't you?

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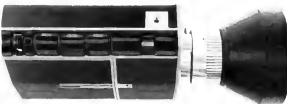


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This is the steering wheel that you can quickly and easily move in or out a full three inches.



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This is Oldsmobile's distinctive new Toronado. The car that brings you customized comfort with the Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel. The only full-size car with front wheel drive. You instantly tailor the distance between you and the wheel because this steering wheel does more than steer. You adjust it in or out, up or down to any one of a combination of positions that fit your body build. • Short drivers can move the wheel down and out for easier arm reach and

full vision. Tall drivers can adjust the wheel so that it stays clear of their knees. Stout drivers can position it for maximum comfort. On extended trips the wheel can be moved, even while driving, to ease up stiff muscles. The Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel is available on the new Toronado and on all 1966 full-size Oldsmobiles as well. *Tilt and Telescope Steering Wheel is a product of Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corp., Saginaw, Mich.*

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winter and carefree-wheeling put on a pair of Firestone Town & Country tires at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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So, we still make our mash with more of the costlier small grains. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

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86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled  
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**You don't get to be  
head of the Bourbon family  
by just sitting around  
growing old.**



**Old Grand-Dad**  
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# SCORECARD

## PRESERVATION OF A TREASURE

The idea originated with the late J. N. (Ding) Darling, the famous newspaper cartoonist and ardent conservationist. Darling envisioned a "scenic avenue across America"—a trail paralleling the route of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—from St. Louis up the wide Missouri through badlands and breaks, then westward through the lush alpine country of the Rockies and down the Columbia River through tall timber until it reached the Pacific Ocean at Fort Clatsop, Ore. This week it began to appear that Darling's dream may yet be realized.

After a two-year study the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation (Department of the Interior) has recommended a modern Lewis and Clark Trail which would "enhance the historic, wildlife and recreation resources" along the original route. Existing roads and highways would be utilized, and new ones would be built. Boating facilities would be created on the Missouri and Columbia rivers and a hiking and horseback trail would follow as closely as possible Lewis and Clark's water and overland route.

It is a worthy proposal, one that would help to preserve and provide access to much of the country that Lewis and Clark explored 160 years ago. It might even result in wild-river status for the spectacular Missouri River Breaks, the last untouched stretch (180 miles) of the Missouri between the town of Fort Benton and the head of Fort Peck Reservoir in Montana.

We assume, however, that by "enhancing historic and natural resources," the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation does not mean the usual clutter of needless signs, concrete parking lots, barbecue pits, cafeterias and curio shops. Let all of them be conspicuously absent.

## FUNNY RUBBER

The successor to the Hula Hoop, the Frisbee and the skateboard is at hand. Is it a bird? Is it a —? No, it's Super Ball, the bounciest ever. Dropped from a height of five feet, a Super Ball will bounce for 60 seconds. (Tennis balls last

10 seconds.) Each bounce of a Super Ball, says Richard Knerr, executive vice-president of the Wham-O Manufacturing Company that makes them, is 92% as high as the previous bounce. Even a Dodge hitter could knock one from Chavez Ravine to Bloomington, Minn., with the greatest of ease. Given a bit of spin when dropped, they bound about erratically. They are selling like Hula Hoops, which Wham-O originated, too—and not just to kids but to executives with time on their hands. A favorite executive game is How Many Bounces into the Wastebasket at 30 Feet and 10¢ a Bounce.

## DR. KILDARE HUFFS ONE

It was one of those tense, dramatic moments in the dressing room of the Carter Riverside (Fort Worth) High School football team just before it took the field against Texarkana High.

"We were pretty tight and keyed up," recalled Lou Goldstein, the Carter Riverside coach. "Some of the players cried. And I guess maybe I dropped a tear."

"Then, just before the kickoff, I asked the players if anyone had anything to say. One of them had a bad knee, and he raised his hand. 'Yes, coach,' he said. 'You taped the wrong knee.'"

## THE WORST OF TIMES

Dying the Baltimore Colts-San Francisco 49ers game, with less than two minutes to go, the Colts were nursing a 27-24 lead and desperately trying to run out the clock. Whereupon Referee George Rennie called a time-out. Quarterback Johnny Unitas had a fit. Don Shula, Colt coach, almost had apoplexy. And, as it turned out, the Colts had to earn another first down to retain the ball until the game ended.

It seems that when the game was stopped for the two-minute warning, a commercial started on TV. The official did not, however, allow the full 60-second time-out, so that the commercial was interrupted. Someone had rightly figured that viewers would rather see the game and switched back to the field.

A TV satrap on the field howled that a sacred commercial had been mangled. The referee then called the time-out that gave San Francisco a breather and cost the Colts precious seconds.

There is, in fact, a National Football League rule that forbids TV time-outs during the last two minutes of a game. Referee Rennie just wanted to know what the howling was about. The Colts were relatively unharmed but, pro football being what it is, they might conceivably have lost the game or had it tied. The incident serves to emphasize the importance of football controlling TV and not vice versa.

## IGLOO CAPTURES DOKPIN

Umingmaktuag is a settlement in the Canadian Arctic currently enjoying a measure of fame for an unlikely reason: the world's first Eskimo chess sets are being produced there. They are beautiful and expensive (\$250), and you may have to wait months until an Eskimo craftsman gets in the mood to carve a set from soapstone. So far, he has completed no more than six since last winter.

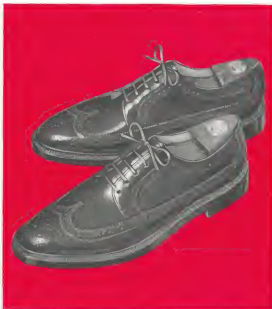
Umingmaktuag contains a Hudson's Bay Company store and 25 permanent inhabitants. If you drew a line due north for 1,000 miles above Edmonton, Alberta and stopped when you came to the first coastline, you would be somewhere



near Umingmaktuag, map makers call it Bathurst Inlet. There Francis Ikilik, a 45-year-old Eskimo with some fame among collectors for his soapstone carvings of igloos, watched the trader at the Hudson's Bay store play chess, and presently devised his own frigid-zone equivalents for the classic medieval symbols of the chessboard.

Eskimos seem unable to comprehend ideas of kings, queens, knights and bishops.

## Why is this Brogue different from others that may look like it?



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*Illustrated: The Varsity in black, unweathered moose, vintage burgundy or hand-stained brown calf*

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

ops. Iksik had no trouble with a castle; he carved delicate egg-shaped igloos for these. His pawns are seals. Knights are polar bears, and bishops are owls—ook-piks in Eskimo. The king is an Esäimo man in furs, and the queen is an Eskimo woman in furs.

It took Iksik about a month to carve his first set, which the Hudson's Bay Company bought from the original purchaser for \$125. A cheerful, untroubled, loquacious individual, Iksik feels like a millionaire when he has that much money. He buys a lot of tea and coffee and sets out on his favorite recreation: hunting. As for chess, he never plays it. His favorite game is poker.

#### GUNNER'S DILEMMA

With the enthusiasm of a flushing sparrow, Earle Angstadt Jr. quarters the countryside, bringing home doves from Delaware, quail from Louisiana, deer from Pennsylvania, ducks from Illinois and even a trapshooting trophy from the Grand American at Vandalia last month. This is all quite appropriate, since Angstadt is president and board chairman of that venerable sporting goods institution, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Angstadt and rifle were all set last week to jet off to Wyoming for the opening of the elk season. Five similarly armed friends were to accompany him. Then, to his dismay, and what was surely to be that of the Secret Service, he discovered that the President of the United States was scheduled into New York's Kennedy International Airport at exactly the same time that Angstadt and artillery were scheduled out.

After some frenzied telephone calls Angstadt managed to place rifles and ammunition in the hands of the New York Port Authority police, who took over the task of escorting them into the baggage compartment of his plane. Moments later, feeling much like James Bond in the 14th chapter, Angstadt slipped quietly into the terminal building, boarded his plane and fastened his seat belt. Wordlessly, a stewardess pressed a claim check into his hand. Only then did Angstadt lean back, take a bottle of Bonded 007 from his briefcase, and wipe his perspiring brow.

#### UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST

A New York girl with a slightly bleeding heart picked up a wounded pigeon in the street last week. It evidently had been

*continued*

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PHOTO BY STEVEN HOLLER

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## SCORECARD

hit by a car and had a broken wing. Now it must be conceded that this pigeon would not have been missed (five million of its brothers and sisters infest the city), but the girl in question felt herself in a moral crisis that cried out for existential commitment. Accordingly, she called the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If accompanied by television cameras and press agents, the ASPCA would climb the Rockies to release a tethered elk; it maintains a public relations department to nurture its public "do good" image; and it is prepared to exhaust its treasury, if necessary, to contain the corral at the Mexican border.

To relieve her of the pigeon, the girl was told, the ASPCA would charge her only \$5.

### ADDRESS TO THE JURY

The new president of the Washington Redskins, Edward Bennett Williams, famed and very persuasive trial lawyer and himself an ardent sports fan, has some thoughts on the National Football League's television policy.

Such as these:  
"Just because the networks waive a check at us is no reason we should stage a game for them. I think the TV double-header, two NFL games back to back on Sunday afternoon, is a mistake. You already have the husband watching the college game all Saturday afternoon. Add six hours on Sunday afternoon and, if we are not careful, we'll have the strongest union in the world against us: the housewives."

### THE GENTLE KILLER

When Namu, the killer whale, was being ferried south from the fishing town where he was captured, a lot of naysayers predicted disaster (SI, July 12 *et seq.*). Namu, it was confidently claimed, would die of shallow water, of polluted water, of starvation or of loneliness. Well, he didn't, and now things are looking up. After two months in which he has entertained more than 125,000 visitors to Seattle's waterfront, Namu has been moved to winter quarters on the southern tip of Bainbridge Island 12 miles across Puget Sound. There he is protected from winter storms and has cleaner water. His new home is a small (about four acres) cove in which he has plenty of room to exercise and 35 feet of water for sounding. Since Namu

continued

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WORLD SPACES

#### SCORECARD

is 22 feet long and weighs an estimated four tons, that is far better than the 60-foot-by-40-foot pen in which he has been confined.

During the summer Namu refused food, but with the coming of cooler weather his appetite picked up to the extent that he is now 400 pounds overweight. He consumes 370 to 400 pounds of fresh-caught salmon daily and will eat no cheaper fish.

For a killer, Namu has turned out to be extremely docile. Owner Ted Griffin, Seattle Marine Aquarium director, has taught him to roll over and respond to what Griffin terms a "whale call"—a high-pitched, whirring sound. He also has a trick of his own—pushing Griffin's small row boat, occasionally coming up on it from underneath and partly carrying it on his back. Griffin has been a frequent cohabitant of Namu's old pen, climbing in to exchange "whale calls" and chirpings and to pat the whale affectionately on the nose. To date Namu has not opened his jaws in anger but, says Griffin, "he sometimes likes to hulk me around with his snout."

"He's pretty powerful," Griffin noted, "and there's always the danger of getting a broken rib."

This winter Griffin hopes to build a larger pen with a better view, but estimates on its cost range from \$150,000 to \$300,000, figures which leave the owner a bit shaken. Still, the answer may be at hand. Television producers, impressed by the success of the *Flipper* series, have been dropping by. Namu may yet have his own show.


#### THEY SAID IT

• Paul Wiggins, 6-foot-3-inch defensive end of the Cleveland Browns: "When I came up nine seasons ago I was one of the tall ones who stood in the back row when they made the team picture. Now I'm in the third row."

• Charles O. Finley, owner of the 10th-place Kansas City Athletics: "We finished closer to the Yankees than any time since I've had the club. I think we're making headway."

• George Sannes, Buffalo defensive back, on his literary tastes: "I can't stand fiction, except for Dostoevsky and Melville, so I stick mainly to books about sociology, philosophy and political thought. I read a lot of Kafka, along with Camus, some Proust, Hegel, Rousseau and Mill."

END



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# DODGERS DOWN-AND UP

by JACK MANN

*The World Series opened on a slightly shocking note when Zoilo Versalles and the underdog Minnesota Twins upended Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax, the supposedly unbeatable titans of the Los Angeles Dodger pitching staff. But when the Series switched from the shores of Gitchie-Gumee to the smogbound coast of California, the Dodgers' pitching recovered fast. Minnesota's runaway was halted, and the capricious pendulum of victory swung the other way*

## 1 GAME

The day of the big game dawned clear and warm, but the icy fingers of fear gripped the household of Minnesota's Jim Grant, who knew he had to pitch the opener against the Dodgers, his first World Series game. Mrs. Grant was pressing a hot as she prepared her husband's breakfast. "She butchered the eggs," Grant said, "spilled the orange juice, burned the toast. I said, 'Hey, baby, I'm the one who's supposed to have the butterflies.'"

Grant is the coolest of cats, one who had fluid mastery over the mashed potato and the slop at a time when most informed people believed a discotheque was a record library. He also came into 1965 with a reputation as a .500 pitcher—one who cancels himself out by failing as often as he succeeds—but this year he was the man who won the "big" games for the Twins, preventing the prolonged slumps that can make a whole team feel the nonexistent icy fingers.

The technical aspect of Grant's new success is the advice of Pitching Coach Johnny Sain, whose text for all days is

the importance of spin on the baseball, but Sain did not give Grant guts. Six years earlier, with insufficient experience and inferior spin, he pitched 14 innings to beat the Yankees on their home grounds in one of the most impressive "hang-in-there" exhibitions of modern times. In the first game of the 1965 World Series the Dodgers got 10 hits off him, but he was still in there at the end and he won 8-2.

He beat Don Drysdale, and even made him fall down. Frank Quiliet, the Twins' second baseman, had led off the third inning with a double and Grant followed with a burn. Drysdale rushed in, did a pratfall and from a sitting position threw the ball on one bounce to Jim Lefebvre, who ruined Drysdale's fine recovery by bobbling the throw. Before the inning was over, the Twins had scored six runs. Had Drysdale retired Grant, he could have escaped the inning with only two runs scored. He didn't, not because the field was spongy from October rains but because his Achilles' knee had betrayed him, collapsing as he chased the ball.

"It's cartilage," Trainer Bill Buhler explained. "It won't show on X rays and it's not serious enough for surgery, but it goes out once in a while." Drysdale confirmed that the knee "went," but assumed he'd have been beaten

anyway because "I had had command, had control. You're out there tinkering around like Thomas Edison, trying to figure out what's wrong, and by the time you do you're in the clubhouse watching the game on television. Hell, a Little Leaguer could have hit that slider I threw Don Mincher."

A Little Leaguer would have been terrorized by the "little bit high" fast ball Drysdale threw after Grant's burn, but Zoilo Versalles lined it into the left-field seats for three runs. So much for the Twins' power, which nobody doubted, but where was the speed? Drysdale saw it on television when Versalles singled off Jim Brewer in the sixth. While the Dodgers took batting practice the day before the Series opened, an unimposing man in a red sweater had stood near first base, almost unnoticed. It was Versalles, and he had plans. During spring training it had been suggested to him by Maury Wills that he ought to run more. "He told me I had good speed," Versalles said, "and I should steal bases." Versalles stole 25, among the many things he did to make himself the most valuable Twin

*continued*

Don Drysdale fell flat as he tried to field a key ball in Game 1, but in Game 4 Drysdale gained revenge for himself and the Dodgers.

HERB SCHAFER







by his teammates' acclaim. And now he was going to steal more. "The first time I get on," he said, "I must go. There are some things we must find out right away."

Brewer threw to first three times before delivering his first pitch, which was a pitchout. Versailles didn't get a good "jump," according to First-base Coach Jim Lemon, but the throw to second was high and Versailles was safe. The play didn't prove a thing, but the Twins had dropped the gauntlet: they had notified the Dodgers that they could run, too. "No, I don't try to tell them anything," Versailles said. "I see his move and I think I can make it. I wouldn't do it in the regular season, but there are not so many teams as good as the Dodgers."

And not so many good teams that looked as bad as the Dodgers did in the first game. "Shoot," said Lou Johnson, the Dodger left fielder whose success with limited abilities has somehow made him an epitome of the Dodgers' scrambling ways. "This club got to be two games behind before we can play."

Next day they were.

## GAME 2

Long after the first game of the Series was over and the stunned experts were saying that, well, anyway, the Twins couldn't beat Sandy Koufax, Minnesota Manager Sam Mele sat in his office at Metropolitan Stadium, thinking about how they could. Since late September 1964, when Owner Calvin Griffith came within an inning or so of handing Mele his walking papers, Sam had not stopped thinking of ways the Twins could be made a winner. In the spring he had convinced them that the embarrassing possibility of being thrown out was an insufficient reason not to try for an extra base or even a stolen base, and they had run and they had won. But Koufax would be something else. To run on him, one must first reach base.

Koufax, Mele had noted, is one of the rare pitchers who has the velocity to throw a high fast ball past a hitter—almost any hitter. "It jumps this much," Mele said, "so that by the time you swing at it, it's so high it's a ball. I'm telling the guys to lay off that pitch because there's almost no chance to hit it anyway. His low pitches are tough to hit, too, but at least they stay in the strike zone."

It was a good idea, and the Twins won the second game 5-1, but the battle plan didn't have too much to do with it. Koufax was beaten, Koufax said, because he couldn't put his fast ball "anyplace I wanted it." He conceded that both his stuff and his control had been worse on other occasions. "But sometimes you get lucky," Sandy said. "Sometimes you can be bad and still win 5-2 or so." When you're Sandy Koufax it is a bonanza to be given five runs, but this day the Dodgers weren't going to get anywhere near that many because the Twins' left-hander Jim Kaat was not throwing the book at them. He had looked over the meticulous scouting reports that had been compiled for the Series, politely complimented their authors and forgotten about them, deciding in favor of pitching like Jim Kaat. "I've got to use my best stuff," he said, "and I've got to throw strikes. The best thing Sam has done for us as pitching coach is simplify the job. If I'd tried getting too cute or too fine today I wouldn't be me and I'd be doing them a favor. You throw your best pitch and you throw strikes."

Kaat threw strikes, and so, for the most part, did Koufax during the early part of the game. It was a double no-hitter for three and a half innings and a double shutout for five and a half, but only because of Outfielder Bob Allison, who made what could well be the best catch ever made in a World Series. With Ron Fairly at first and none out in the fifth, Jim Lefebvre hooked a curving fly ball deep down the left-field line. Allison, running to his right across turf soggy from rain, dived near the foul line, caught the ball backhanded just off the ground, landed in the mud, skidded 15 feet across the foul line and came up throwing.

A great play, said winning pitcher Kaat. "For an instant they realized a sort of rally, and then that play takes it away from them. It's got to take some

of the starch out." The starch was all out after the Twins' sixth, when they nicked Koufax for two runs. Versailles' hard ground ball took a nasty hop off Jim Gilliam's shoulder for what was called a two-base error. Tony Oliva scored Versailles with a single to left and ran the hit into a double, and then Killebrew drove him in with a line single off a low fast ball.

While the gracious Koufax was analyzing himself mercilessly after the game, the subject of the Twins' speed kept coming up. "Really," Sandy said quietly, "they haven't run that much." They hadn't, really. Oliva's leg double was only the second manifestation of Twins' footwork, and Versailles' caper in the seventh made three. He tripled with two out, then dashed 45 feet down the line on what appeared to be an attempt to steal home. It convinced Ron Perranoski, who bounced a wild pitch off John Roseboro's shinguard for the third, and more than sufficient, run.

Now the Dodgers were two games down and, as Johnson had blithely suggested the day before, ready to play. As the Dodgers plodded grimly through the runway to the dressing room after the game, a large man, a Metropolitan Stadium employee, happened to be crossing their path. Johnson, leading the retreat, snarled: "Out of the way, you big—donkey."

## GAME 3

In Los Angeles on Saturday nobody shouted "Go," but Harmon Killebrew went—to a certain extent. He ran about 50 feet in a northerly direction and stopped. At that precise point Killebrew became a spectator and the Dodgers became contenders for the first time in this World Series. The play occurred in a scoreless first inning, and scoreless first innings ordinarily are regarded as inconclusive. But to Dodger Pitcher Claude Osteen it was a very significant play, and Claude Osteen is an authority, because it was he who pitched the 4-0 victory that reversed the tide.

Osteen, called "Gomer" by his teammates, is a small man for a big-league pitcher, unprepossessing, moderately

In the critical third game Minnesota's star, Zola Versailles (2), is trapped in a rundown by John Roseboro (8) and Javier Gilliam.

LUIS LOPEZ

continued

endowed with talent and singularly unlucky. It would be unreasonable to ask him to do a thing that Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax could not do—beat the Twins—but Manager Walter Alton had no choice but to ask him.

Gomer gave it his best shot, and that was his first mistake. Zoilo Versalles led off the game and creamed the first pitch, bouncing it into the left-field stands for a ground-rule double. "I had my mind made up to throw him a curve," Osteen said, "and I tried to throw it too hard. It hung up in his eyes, with no spin at all." Trying less hard, Gomer retired the next two batters, Versalles moving to third on an infield out. Then he had to pitch to Killebrew.

"It's a different feeling when Killebrew comes up in this park," First Baseman Wes Parker said. "He doesn't scare you as much as he does in Minneapolis." But he's still Harmon Killebrew, window-breaker, and Osteen walked him. With a 2-0 count to Earl Battey, Killebrew ran. He stopped halfway to second as Maury Wills, moving in front of the base, took John Roseboro's throw. It seemed to be a play that wouldn't have been news to the old Orioles: the runner from first gets himself in a rundown, in the hope that the umpires will note that the runner from third scored before the rundown was completed.

But that wasn't the play. Sam Mele, with his best and almost only hit-and-run batter at the plate, had played hit-and-run. So had Killebrew and so had Osteen, throwing Battey a strike, high and away. But Battey hadn't. He took the pitch and Versalles was run down, 6-2-5. "Battey missed the sign," Mele said. "And Killebrew is supposed to run through, to draw a throw."

First-base Coach Jim Lemon agreed, more or less. "He shouldn't have stopped," Lemon said, "unless he was within five yards of the bag, so by drawing a throw he could let Versalles score." Battey couldn't testify. He had run into the framework of the dugout boxes while pursuing a pop foul in the seventh inning, bruising his voice box, and he couldn't talk.

"That was the big play," said Osteen, possibly giddy from the feeling of having four runs to work with after six innings. "If they score they have a big advantage. Getting a run early makes a team confident and more aggressive. They would have been tougher to pitch to."



Bedevilled by conflicting signals from Maury Wills (38) and Ron Fairly (6), Dodgers' Joe Lefebvre hesitates and then injures his heel as he scores in the third game.



Minnesota Catcher Earl Battey's untimely pursuit of a foul is halted abruptly and painfully as he crashes neck first into a padded rail over the ground-level boxes.

Tougher, perhaps, but not impossible. Osteen confined his mistakes to the first inning. He didn't think the game was the best he had pitched all year, but he had to concede it was the best he had won. There was a 1-0 defeat by the Mets in which Billy Cowan's ninth-inning home run was only the second hit off him. He remembered that. There was also a 2-0 defeat by the Pirates' Bob Veale, a game in which Osteen didn't throw a bad pitch. After Osteen's first six starts this year he was 3-3 and could, with pedestrian luck, have been 6-0. The Dodgers got him three runs, aggregate, in the three defeats.

"It's the most remarkable club I've ever seen," said Wally Moon, the veteran pinch hitter who seldom pinch-hits. "It has almost no bench. I'm the only experienced hitter the manager can use, but if he sends me up they bring in a left-hander. Considering the disadvantages, the manager has got a lot of mileage out of this club."

This was remarkable from Moon, who was not an Alston admirer a few years ago, when he was not playing as much

as he would have liked. Waves of players have come to the Dodgers and departed in the past dozen years, and half of each wave has knocked Alston as being indecisive.

"I did think that at first," Moon said. "But I've been around long enough to know now that he's a very good manager." Moon was a first-magnitude star with the improbable Dodgers who won the 1959 pennant in a playoff and then the World Series. He wasn't enchanted with Alston then. "But when we came down the stretch we had the best pitching rotation of any team in contention," Moon said. "And this year we had it again. He refused to panic."

There were no panicked managers in Dodger Stadium on Saturday. Mele had had a phone call from his wife, who was home in Quincy, Mass., momentarily expecting their fifth child. She said she was fine and didn't believe she'd have the baby right away. She was going shopping, she said. Much later, Mele was asked how he'd play the rest of the Series. He sang his answer: "Day by day. . ."

## 4 GAME

The Dodgers, like a pool-hall hustler who has been trifling with his victim too long, showed their game on Sunday. They bunted deftly and ran arrogantly and they won 7-2. It was encouraging to Manager Alston to know that his team had not forgotten the stealthy devices by which they had smuggled themselves into the World Series, but otherwise the contest was inconclusive. The Dodgers' tactics might have sowed a normal team, but the Twins on Sunday were not a normal team. They were horrid. They overthrew cutoff men and failed to cover bases, getting themselves suckered into all the basic errors the Dodger management hoped for when it decided last fall to go to war without artillery.

"We have not put on such a shabby exhibition all year," said Sam Mele. Sandy Valdespino did the Dodgers the first

costly

The third game ends with a flourish as Dodger Dick Trucaski watches Maury Wills (in air) cut down Tony Oliva (8) and throw to first for double play.





Minnesota foul-up in the fourth game began in the first inning after Wills (left) stepped slowly to the right side of the infield. Mincher leaves the

#### WORLD SERIES continued

favor in the first inning, taking the great circle route around first base on his hit to left when it was obvious to everyone that a decent throw to second by Lou Johnson would leave Valdespino yelping at the umpire. Johnson made a perfect throw, and Valdespino yelped.

Then, in the Dodger first, Maury Wills led off with a ground ball to the right side. Don Mincher, with the second baseman and the pitcher to throw to, lobbed the ball halfway between them. Given first, Wills stole second and went to third as Pitcher Jim Grant made his first mistake—failing to get to first base in time when Willie Davis grounded to Mincher. Ron Fairly then grounded to second, a double-play ball with a batter as slow as Fairly. "My spikes stuck like I stepped on a piece of gum," Zoilo Versalles said, explaining why the double play wasn't made. And the run, the typically Dodger run, scored. Wes Parker pushed a bunt past the mound to open the second, then took off on a hit-and-run. The pitch went high, off Earl Baret's mitt, and Parker cruised to third. He scored when Quiles missed John Roseboro's grounder.

It is unfortunate that Dodger Publicist Red Patterson, who introduced the term "tape measure" to the baseball lexicon when he was with the Yankees and Mickey Mantle was hitting 500-foot homers, abandoned his measuring rod after the Dodgers went to the short ball. The first four Dodger hits, lead end to end, might have taped out at 370 feet.

In the fourth inning Killebrew found Don Drysdale's fast ball where he was swinging and lined it 410 feet into the left-field bleachers. This one blow not only gave Minnesota a big edge in footage, it trimmed the score to 2-1 and put the Twins back in the game.

But then Parker, a .238 hitter who is concerned about job security, struck a blow for tenure in the Dodger half of the fourth when he lined a home run over the 370-foot sign in right field. That run made the game safe for the Dodgers, who continued thereafter to score at regular intervals, but it was not Parker's hit that bothered the Twins most. They were bugged by Wills's 130-foot single in the third, even though it was quickly nullified when he was thrown out stealing. Wills chopped the ball onto the ground in front of home plate and Killebrew became a spectator again, watching the ball soar over his head in a big, big bounce. Versalles caught it when it came down and then fired to first after Wills had crossed the bag, on the chance that Wills might dart toward second. "It was flattering to have him do that," said Wills, who is delighted to have people mistrust him and doesn't mind being flattered. "He might have thought it went into left field," explained Versalles.

"I saw Killebrew playing in," Wills said, "so I wanted to just chop it or something. I'm not a good enough hitter to be able to hit the top half of the ball, but my normal way of swinging tends to make the ball go that way.

That's why I like the ground to be nice and firm."

The ground in front of home plate in Dodger Stadium is so nice and firm that last month the Cincinnati Reds' manager, Dick Sisler, suggested that they hold a dance on it. Minnesota Coach Billy Martin, as annoyed by the high frequency of Wills's success in hitting the top of the ball as National Leaguers have been all year, was less subtle than Sisler. "Where the hell else," he asked rhetorically in a lecture generously sprinkled with four-letter words, "can you see a ball hit over the third baseman's head like that? The league president lets them use a 1,500-pound roller on that infield. That shows you how strong Mr. Giles is. He's going for commissioner, too, and he'll make it."

The Twins had injury added to Wills's unskill in the sixth, when nothing went right. After Gilliam walked, Willie Davis singled to right and Tony Oliva threw to third in a futile attempt to get Gilliam. "That guy can fly," Oliva said of the 36-year-old Gilliam. Davis flew to second as Oliva's throw came in too high to cut off, and both Gilliam and Davis flew home when Fairly hit a ground ball with the infield up that would have been an out with the infield back. Fairly took second when Hall made a pointless throw home, and another run scored when Quiles, trying to hold Fairly at second, did not cover first in time on Johnson's bunt. And that's the kind of day it was for the Twins.



ball indecisively peel Grant (on first base) toward Quilici too late to get Wills, who ends up with Quilici's knee in his stomach—and a base hit.

## GAME 5

By Monday the Minnesota players had almost stopped grumbling about Los Angeles' hard infield and soft hits ("I figure I pitched a two-bitter," Jim Grant said. "Then other hits were cornflakes stuff"), though there was a notable emphasis on bunting during the Twins' batting practice. They were not yet demoralized by the Dodgers' guerrilla warfare. Not until the first inning.

The Twins had covered themselves with glory in the fourth game by comparison with the sorry performance they put on in the fifth. They were outpitched by Sandy Koufax, 7-0, which could happen to anybody ("There should be one Cy Young Award for him," Grant said, "and another one for the rest of us to shoot at"). But until the ninth inning they were also outbait by Koufax, who had a long single that drove in a run, in contrast to Minnesota's two feeble bloopers.

Maybe Sandy's hit, after John Roseboro had been given an intentional pass, was not the most ignominious moment of the day for Minnesota. Maybe it was Willie Davis stealing second with such a big jump on rookie Pitcher Dave Boswell that he was able to stumble and crawl the last 25 feet on his hands and knees without drawing a throw. Maybe

it was Boswell making six pick-off throws on Maury Wills, then having Wills steal the first time he threw to the plate. Maybe it came after the game, with the Twins' realization that they had maddened a .302-hitting team out of a group that had pounded the ball at a .245 pace in its own league. Or maybe it was the realization that Chavez Ravine had become a dry gulch for American League pennant winners, who in five Series games there have scored three runs.

Wills led off the game with a double, the first of his four hits, and as he zipped home on Jim Gilliam's single Davis dashed from the on-deck circle and laid down flat near the left-hand batter's box, indicating to Wills that he would have to slide. This comes under the heading of what the Dodgers call "the little ways we have to help each other." Davis then bunted and would have been out, except that Frank Quilici, covering first base, missed the throw. He said later he lost the ball in the shirt-sleeved crowd, but it appeared he was peeking at Gilliam over on second. The Twins have learned not to trust Dodgers out of their sight. So Koufax had two runs, all he would need.

Minnesota came undone completely in the third. With one out, Davis singled and stole second. He raced home on Lou Johnson's single, and then Johnson sped all the way around on a single by Ron Fairly, which became a double when the relay went home much too late to get Johnson. At this point the

Dodgers had earned two runs, had been given a third and had stolen a fourth. In the next inning Wills beat out a dribbler so short, and Gilliam was at bat for almost 20 minutes while Wills belly whopped back to first ahead of Boswell's throws. Then he stole, and when Gilliam singled him home it was all over—except for the fact that Koufax had a perfect game going.

Harmon Killebrew put an end to that when he led off the fifth with a fly to center, and Davis, after a slow start, shoestrung the ball and dropped it. "I didn't see the ball until it was coming down," Davis said. "I had it about 12 inches off the ground, and the umpire gave the out sign. But it fell out when I hit the ground."

"It didn't make any difference to me. I figured I was going to give some hits anyway," said Koufax, who gave up a single in the seventh and two more in the ninth.

The ninth produced the only sparkle of aggression the Twins displayed. After Quilici and Valdespino singled, and with only one out, Joe Nousek hit a ball as well as a ball can be hit—but it went straight to Wills for a game-ending double play.

It was that kind of day for Sam Mele, who was informed in the sixth inning that his wife had been taken to the hospital to give birth. Later he found the report was a false alarm. Connie Mele was five days overdue, and it was getting a bit late for the Twins, too.

AND

# THE CARDS UNSCRAMBLE THE EAST

by TEX MAULE

*The new, grown-up Charley Johnson fired passes with cool authority in St. Louis' smashing defeat of the Redskins. He now appears ready to lead the Cardinals to the Eastern title over the battered Browns and the collapsing Cowboys*



A week ago the race for the Eastern Division championship of the National Football League seemed an almost indecipherable scramble among Cleveland, St. Louis and Dallas. It is still a scramble but, with an impressive victory over Washington's Redskins in D.C. Stadium on Sunday, the Cardinals have established themselves as the best of the scramblers. They demolished Washington 37-16 on the brilliant passing of Charley Johnson to receivers Bobby Joe Conrad and Sonny Randle and the powerful running of Bucks Willis Crenshaw and Bill Triplett. The Cleveland Browns, meanwhile, scrambled desperately but not brilliantly in shading Pittsburgh 24-19 on a rain-soaked field at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland. They were playing without five starters.

As for the Dallas Cowboys—well, they seem as scrambled as eggs in a pan. With Don Meredith far off form, Coach Tom Landry had him sit out Sunday's game with the Eagles and went back to the practice of shutting quarterbacks, alternating rookies Craig Morton and Jerry Rhome. This operation was fairly successful—Morton completed 11 of 11 passes and Rhome 8 of 14—but the patient died. In other words, the Cowboys lost 35-24. If Landry must employ rookies at quarterback, Dallas appears to be out of the race for the division championship.

A team must be both good and lucky to win a division championship. The only team in the East that qualifies on

*Performing with confidence, St. Louis' young quarterback, Charley Johnson, passes to . . .*



both counts is St. Louis. The Cleveland Browns, now tied with the Cardinals for the lead, are unquestionably good, but they have been unlucky; in the first month of play the Browns have had six first-line players injured and have played their last two games with five starters on the bench. The Dallas Cowboys, after a fairly grumpy start, proved in the last two weeks that they are neither excellent nor fortunate.

The Cardinals have beaten the Browns (49-13), the Cowboys (20-13) and the Redskins. On the next two Sundays they play teams that have yet to win (Pittsburgh and Washington), and they do not meet either Cleveland or Dallas again until the last two weeks of the season. Their Western Division opponents are the Los Angeles Rams and the Chicago Bears. The Cowboys meet Green Bay and San Francisco and the Browns play the Minnesota Vikings and the Rams. On the record of the teams to date, the Cardinals have the easier opponents in the West. Beyond that, while the Cardinals are playing second-division teams for the next seven weeks, the Browns and the Cowboys play each other twice, the Browns play the Vikings, and the Cowboys play Green Bay a week after their first meeting with Cleveland.

By the time the Cardinals get around to Dallas again on December 11, the Cowboys probably will be out of the race. If the Browns can restore enough first-line players to active duty and survive the rigors of their schedule, they may still be within striking distance of the Cards when the two teams meet in St. Louis in the final game of the season.

But the Cardinals' championship prospects are built on much more than the accident of a favorable schedule and the misfortunes of their chief adversaries. This is a sounder team than it was a year ago: the defense is more cohesive, Johnson is a more poised and resourceful quarterback, the running attack is far stronger and the offensive line is easily the best in the Eastern Division.

Of all these factors, possibly the most important is the development of Johnson. A year ago he had an unfortunate habit of trying to force his passes—

throwing to his primary receiver no matter how tight the coverage on him. He also had a tendency to give up on his running game if it did not work immediately and to rely entirely on passes. Now he has almost rid himself of these vices. Some of the improvement is the natural result of an additional year's experience; more of it is due to the intensive coaching of Bobby Layne, who went to the Cardinals as quarterback tutor when he quit the Steelers with the impulsive Buddy Parker.

"Layne hasn't told me anything that

Couch Wally Lemm didn't," says Johnson. "Coach Lemm said the same things to me last year, but I guess I didn't pay as much attention as I have to Layne—probably because I know he was a quarterback and a good one. For instance, Bobby told me not to quit on a running play because it doesn't work at first. He told me to run it again now and then just to make the defense aware of it and to set them up for something else, and then, when you get them set up, to wait until the right time to use a particular play. He reminded me not to waste it

—*continued*



... an old favorite, flasher Bobby Joe Conrad, his receiving star in the victory at Washington.

deep in your own territory. To save it until you need it."

Johnson gets back and sets up for his passes more quickly this year and is less vulnerable to a rush. "I still have to work on a sense of balance in our attack," he says frankly. "But Layne has given me a feeling of security in my calls, and I think I understand tactics better. I still get overanxious once in a while and press. When I do, I realize it. But I'm taking fewer chances than I did last year. I stay with the odds now."

The development of Crenshaw as a power runner and the return of Triplett have given the Cardinals an exceptionally strong running game, and Johnson is no longer afraid to use it. Behind the blocking of the fine Cardinal offensive line, it is particularly effective. "We like for

Charley to call running plays," says Ken Gray, an offensive guard. "Pass blocking is a negative thing. You don't have a chance to prove yourself. But when you can root the other guy out on a running play, you have done something you can feel a positive pride in."

There are no rookies in the starting lineup. Although this is still a young team, it is not an immature one, and while Johnson and the offense make the splashiest headlines, the defense is equally well balanced and alert. Against their three most highly rated opponents—Cleveland, Dallas and Washington—the defense has allowed an average of only 14 points a game.

The Cowboys have failed to realize their high potential primarily because Don Meredith, unlike Johnson, has not

grown as a quarterback. But there is another weakness. "The Cowboys have the best defense in the division," says the Cardinals' Gray. "They hit and hit, and in the second half, when you think they must be too tired to hit you again, they hit you again. The weak link in the Dallas club is the offensive line. They aren't coordinated yet."

It seems reasonable to think that the Cowboys could be spoilers for the rest of the year, but not serious contenders. The Browns, however, have enough power to make a run of it in the East through the final game—given a respite from injuries. Considering the troubles the team has had, it could easily be 1-3 rather than 3-1 and temporarily in a tie for first place.

"We figure that to beat Cleveland, you have to get off in front and force them to throw," says a Cardinal spokesman. "If you're ahead at the half and they are trying to play catch-up, you take away their big gun—Jim Brown. Then you put pressure on Ryan, and you win. That's what we did when we beat them 49-13."

Of course, it is not as easy as all that to get ahead of Cleveland at the half when all the Browns are in playing condition. The loss of End Paul Warfield for the first four games of the season with a broken collarbone seriously handicapped the Cleveland offense.

"With both Warfield and Collins receiving," says the Cards' Jerry Stovall, "you had a tough time doubling the coverage on one or the other. Now you can double Collins all the time, and everyone does."

Last week against Pittsburgh, Cleveland had four other regulars beside Warfield on the bench, all of them key players. Corner Linebacker Galen Fiss, one of the heroes of the championship victory over Baltimore last season, was out. Vince Costello, the heart of the Cleveland defense at middle linebacker, sat next to him on the bench. A rookie was playing defensive tackle in place of Jim Kanicki, another star of the championship game. Ernie Green, who is one of the two best blocking backs in the league (Paul Horning is the other), missed the Pittsburgh game because of a bruised hip. The week before that the Browns managed to beat Philadelphia without the shrewd, experienced Ryan, who was suffering from a sore instep.

In spite of their killing schedule, the

*Observing wistfully from the sideline, Don Meredith in decline epitomizes the slide of the Cowboys. Brilliant passing by rookies Craig Morton and Jerry Rhame failed to stop the Eagles.*



Browns have reason to be mildly hopeful. Ryan limped through the Pittsburgh game and directed the team on a last-minute drive to the game-winning touchdown. He should be completely recovered for the Dallas game this Sunday. Fiss and Costello will return, as will Kaniecki, so the Brown defense ought to be substantially improved. And Green will be back clearing the way for the runs of Jim Brown.

"Warfield can play against Dallas if he has to," says Owner Art Modell. "But we would like to give him another week off and have him completely ready for the Vikings the week after."

The Browns have even fashioned one small gain out of all this adversity: Sid Williams, who replaced Fiss as corner linebacker, and Dale Lindsey, a rookie who filled in for Costello, both played well against Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and gained invaluable experience. Leroy Kelly, who substituted for Green, is a quick and agile runner who complements Brown well. And Jim Ninowski proved, in his full-game performance in the victory over Philadelphia, that he is certainly an adequate replacement for Frank Ryan.

An important intangible must be noted in St. Louis' favor, though. The team finally has become sure of its own excellence, and it plays with confidence. "I had nightmares all during the off-season," says Ken Gray. "We came so close last year. We lost on a muddy day in New York, and one thing I can't forget is a blown play that left us in a fourth-and-20 situation. Just a few mistakes, and you live with them for a year. But this season is different. We don't make those mistakes now. They have to come get us. I think we crossed the summit of this damned thing when we beat Dallas. We have whipped the clubs we had to whip."

Aside from the help he has given Johnson, Bobby Layne has done one more thing for the Cardinals. He has added a healthy devil-may-care touch to a team given to much introspection and soul-searching, even in victory. While they mulled over the film of the Cowboy victory last week and worried about flaws in their attack, Layne relaxed.

"What you worrying about?" he said at last. "Hell, we won. That's what counts."

END

*Bounding bravely in Cleveland, Jim Brown maintained his customary rank as No. 1 rusher.*



That young man resting between acts of violence on the cover of this magazine—the one without a visible chain on him—weighs 235 pounds, stands 6 feet 2, has a size 19½ neck, a bulging physique that gives him the appearance of a man who has swallowed a dozen bowling balls, is quicker than most of the runners he stuffs away like wrinkled suits in hanger bags and, furthermore, according to his keeper, Coach Darrell Royal, “He ain’t exactly eat up with a case of the stupid.” He is Tommy Nobis of the Texas Longhorns or, actually, the living, breathing, bear-hugging, stick-em-in-the-grizzle proof that linebackers, not blondes, have more fun.

You know about linebackers, of

course. They are the evil-looking guys who stand behind those groveling linemen and stare coldly at the opposing milker—sometimes called a quarterback—then try to milk the ball from him. They are the fun lovers who get just plain gleeful when they show their speed to smother a ballcarrier going wide, when they display their agility by spearing a scrambling passer before he can throw, when they get to meet a barging runner head-on, showing their want-to. They are also the players who occasionally get to drop off and intercept passes, then run in such wild-boar fashion that their coach is always pressed to explain at the Monday boosters’ luncheon why they aren’t playing offense. That shows,

finally, that they are the complete athletes; very often the best ones a team has.

Good linebackers must be. They are the soul and heart of a defense, both physically and spiritually. They can never be tired or look tired in either respect, nor can they *think* tired, for many of them call defensive signals and hope to outguess the milker. They are such people as Dick Butkus, last season’s best, and Leroy Jordan, E. J. Holuh, Les Richter and Chuck Bednarik, who were all brilliant in college, and Joe Schmidt, Sam Huff, Bill George and Ray Nitschke, who became brilliant as professionals. And now comes this Tommy Nobis, who is proving for the third straight year that because of his unusual love of the

## THERE'S NO SHOW BIZ LIKE NOBIS

For the third straight year Texas' large and amiable Tommy Nobis is proving that he deserves to rate with football's alltime defenders

by DAN JENKINS

HEADING FROM A drugstore on the university drag to a morning class, Nobis (right) and End Pete Lattimore, another Longhorn star, laugh it up as members of a No. 1 team should.



game, his strength, quickness, speed, pride, instinct, coaching and ideal attitude—all of those things—that he may well be the best linebacker in the history of college football.

Granted, that is a statement to rattle several plaques in the corridors of the Hall of Fame at Rutgers and encourage a lot of guys—Doak, the Ghost, Old 98, Bronko, Ernie—to maybe wonder what Tommy Nobis would have done with their top ferrets and stiff arms. But Darrell Royal knows.

"He'd have stuffed 'em," says Royal as calmly and assuredly as you please. "All he does every week is play a great game, and you can just see joy on his face when he's out there. He's done it

from the first game he started, which was as quick as I could get him into a suit as a sophomore. Players keep getting smarter, stronger and faster, and Tommy is only the latest. Aside from his super ability, he's just one of those trained pigs you love. He'll laugh and jump right in the slop for you."

Nobis, who is alert and wide-eyed on the field rather than the snarling prototype football brute, jumped in the slop enough to be judged a bona fide South-west Conference immortal before the 1965 season even began. A Texas football immortal is usually any letterman who has been out of school a year, but Nobis, apparently, is for real. He was a two-way all-conference guard as a soph-

omore in 1963 on Texas' unbeaten national championship team. That was a team led by Tackle Scott Appleton, who became Lineman of the Year. "Scott was a great defensive player," Royal says, "but when he went one-on-one against Nobis he got stuffed." In the Cotton Bowl game against Navy and Roger Staubach, concluding that season, Nobis draped himself around the Heisman Trophy winner like a clawing necklace all afternoon as Texas won a laugh-er, 28-6, and his performance prompted Army Coach Paul Dietzel to call him "the finest linebacker I've ever seen in college." Last year, playing both ways and making All-America, Nobis hulled and quicked his way to more than 20

*continued*



individual tackles—most of them near the scrimmage line—in an early game against Army, Oklahoma, Arkansas, SMU and Baylor, and nearly every Texas writer ran out of exclamation points.

And then in the Orange Bowl in those unbearable moments down on the Texas goal line, as the Longhorns clung to a 21-17 lead over Alabama and Joe Namath tried to take the Crimson Tide in with three plays from the one, it was Nobis again. Well, it was everybody, really, for as Royal says, "The film

shut out All-America Halfback Doony Anderson for the third straight year (three games: 71 yards), a feat that tickled Royal more than his collection of Roger Miller records. "He ain't drunk a drop against us," said Royal, perhaps better than Roger could have. Nobis was equally brilliant in the 27-12 victory over Indiana, stunning the ponderous Big Ten linemen with his speed. But he was even more of himself against Oklahoma last Saturday because a Royal-coached Longhorn in *that* line is expected to put

choice of the pros—perhaps No. 1—and quite likely the highest bonus ever paid to a player who does not run, throw or catch.

But more important to Nobis and his teammates, as well as thousands of eyes around the vast state of Texas, is the fact that Royal's team is ranked first in the nation again for the 14th time in the past three Nobis-spangled seasons. That would include the seven weeks the Longhorns protected the burden in 1963, the first four weeks last year before Arkansas upset them, 14-13, and these past three. "That," says Nobis, "is what you play for—to try to be the best. Losin' is just terrible, and if anybody's got any *man* in him at all, he'll go 'til he drops tryin' not to."

Nobis may not personally be able to beat Arkansas this Saturday in Fayetteville in a game that could decide the national championship again—it has become a hellacious game, full of folklore heroes like Nobis and more excited, skilled, fundamental hating than most coaches realize exists. But, barring an injury that could result from Nobis' own hustling endeavors, a nationwide television audience should not have any trouble seeing No. 60 trying not to lose. He will be where the ball is or fanatically on his way, fighting harder and enjoying it more because he is simply playing a game the only way he knows how.

"I'll tell you," says Nobis. "We're a good team and so is Arkansas. Lots of guts and pride. Like Alabama. Boy, they had pride and they laughed and were cool and stayed after you—just like we do. That was fun. That's what it's all about. But I know that whoever loses between us and Arkansas is gonna feel some real shame—I mean *shame*. That's the way it is. Boy, I'd hate to look at the game film on Monday and find out I was responsible for it. I just worry all the time about those films, even when we win. I just know that I dogged it somewhere and my team will see it. I start worryin' when the game's over, and I don't stop until Monday afternoon. Heck, I get tired in a game. Everybody dogs. That's why I talk to myself out there. I just keep tellin' myself don't dog it, don't dog it, please don't dog it."

Nobis wouldn't know how to dog it if he had four legs, a wagging tail and a bowl in front of him. Neither the players nor the coaches have to look at a game film to be certain either. For ex-

continued



AN ENTHUSIASTIC TALKER, TOMMY NOBIS PERFORMS WITH EASE IN SPEECH CLASS

shows that not only did Namath not get across, but no Alabama *fireman* got across." But it was mostly Nobis, wearing the ballcarrier. The result of all this is that last spring when 25 leading newspapermen and coaches in the Southwest were polled to name the greatest defender in the history of the conference—a task they did not take frivolously, football being more important down there than elections and border disputes—Tommy Nobis was the winner even though his final season was yet to come.

Now this is the season, and Nobis is still Nobis. He led the defense which allowed poor Tulane just 18 rushing yards in Texas' 31-0 opener. He made the big play, a game-turning fourth-down tackle for minus yardage, and a lot of others in the 33-7 victory over Texas Tech. This was a game in which Nobis and Texas

on his most dedicated game face of all. Texas won 19-0, and Nobis said, "Only thing I know of that'd be more fun would be to play OU twice on one day." Fun is the key word. Football may be work for some, a hostility outlet for others, but for Nobis it's a John Wayne movie, a platter of fried chicken and guitar music all wrapped up in a burnt-orange jersey.

With these four games behind him Nobis is on his way to All-America again, to becoming one of the precious few Southwest players to make all-conference three years, probably to Lineman of the Year honors (since he also happens to be the best blocking guard Royal has ever had and even now plays both ways), certainly to making as strong a bid for the Heisman Award as any linebacker or interior lineman ever has, and obviously to a first-round draft

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ample. Linebacker-End Coach Mike Campbell makes phone calls to an Austin radio station for a five-minute interview after each game. Three weeks ago he was in the midst of the interview after the Texas Tech game, and he naturally said Nobis played "great." "How-do-you know?" asked the announcer. "You haven't graded the films," Campbell said. "Because he always does."

The assurance that Nobis is going full-out on every play does not exactly blunt the rest of Texas' defenders, among whom there are other good ones—End Pete Lammons, Tackle Diron Talbert, Guard Frank Bedrick, Linebacker Freddy Edwards—who try to play a game called Beat Nobis to the Ball. Defensive Back Jimmy Helms was asked recently how he played the pass, what tips he looked for, what moves and all that. "Aw," he said. "I just watch Nobis. He's where everything is."

Even in the spring it was true. Nobis passed up a midsemester vacation to stay in Austin and get in the proper condition for spring training, a rite that is usually deemed as much fun for proved athletes as a lecture on John Stuart Mill. But Nobis realized that most of Royal's coaching is done in the spring, and there would, after all, be some action. "Tommy is one of those people who is really sort of unhappy unless he's tackling somebody," grins Quarterback Marvin Kristynik, who is Nobis' roommate and co-captain associate.

There sure was some tackling in Texas' spring game in which Kristynik and Nobis divided the squad between them. Most of it was by the linebacker. Once, in a violent, three-play spasm, Nobis slammed ballcarriers out of bounds on opposite sidelines for no gain, and then he intercepted a pass. One of the runners he literally dazed was Kristynik, who finally got up and smiled and turned to Royal, saying, "It's true, Coach. Tommy's an All-American."

Up in the press box that evening were a gaggle of conference newspapermen were covering the game—they do that in Texas; they cover spring games and write for days about them—Longhorn Publicist Jones Ramsey was questioned on why he thought Nobis was putting forth so much effort in so meaningless a contest; why he would risk injury.

"Well," said Ramsey, "it's the only game we got scheduled today."

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the least of whom is Kristynik, who swaggers with a confidence Royal loves despite his so-so arm and lack of speed, and who has somehow directed 14 victories out of the 15 games in which he has been "Darrell's boy." Example:

Texas was leading Tech by just 7-0 in the rain and was deep in its own territory, needing one yard on a third down, when Royal sent in orders for Kristynik to run the option and pitch the ball out to the fine halfback, Phil Harris.

"They were stacked in there in those gaps, just waiting for the keeper," said Royal. "But Marvin kept it, and they stopped him cold, and we had to kick. When he came out I told him we'd have made a bunch if he'd punted it. But he said, 'Coach, we didn't need a bunch. We already got seven and Tommy's not gonna let them get anything, and I didn't want to risk throwin' it away.' I thought a minute and said, 'Man, you're just as right as Superfox.' Sure enough, we kicked, they fumbled, and we got seven more the easy way."

As a defender, Nobis could not have played for a man more dedicated to the virtues of sharp, fundamental line play than Darrell Royal—or in a system where it is better taught. Royal and his top aides—Jim Plutman, Charley Shira and Mike Campbell—have been together for 10 years, and they are still young (average age: 40) and energetic. Young enough, in fact, to keep changing their methods and organization with the times. "If we coached the way we did five years ago, or even two years ago, I'll guarantee you, they'd have our gunnysacks," says Royal. Change comes in the subtleties—timing, technique—that the spectator seldom can detect. It comes with working on new tricks for old traps, better ways to read plays, simplifying assignments, improved drills to defeat a block and reach the backfield.

The Longhorn defense consists of three vital parts—the down four linemen, coached by Shira, the ends and linebackers, coached by Campbell, and the three-deepsecondary, or the *hull*, coached by Willie Zapale. "The only time we're ever together as a team is when we work on short-yardage or goal-line defense," Royal says.

Texas devotes spring training and all of the early two-a-day workouts before the season to doing what it does best—its timing and rhythm, its area blocking on offense, and the remarkably simple

procedure of meeting and defeating blockers on defense.

"We don't teach stunts," Royal says. "Oh, we know a few to stir some folks up now and then, but on defense we teach 'em to meet the guy and try to whip him and get to that ball. Take Nobis. He doesn't key on anybody. He plays the ball and, man, does he love it when one of our ends turns somebody back into him. I can't think of anything he likes better. Me, too. But these things are taught by Charley and Jim and Mike and the rest. I'm the pride coach."

Exactly what *that* entails is Royal's secret. One thing a visitor to a Texas practice notes quickly is that a Texas coach would rather turn down an invitation to the LBJ Ranch than holler at a player who has made a mistake and embarrass him in front of the squad. "When you do that he has to swallow his pride," Royal says. "And that's the thing I want him to have more than anything else. He can't afford to lose any of it. We'll take him aside and tell him what he did wrong or show him in a film, not by pointing out what we did wrong but by joking about something the other team did. You can usually pick out a lazy old boy on the other team."

So the practices are simple, if not fun for everybody, once Texas' season begins. Monday is a holiday for the players who got in the game the previous Saturday. Those who did not must scrounge the freshmen in a brawl called the Flush Bowl. Tuesday the defense is set, and Wednesday the offense. Thursday is all timing and rhythm, and Friday is 30 minutes of laughter plus a private talk from Royal, very often without even the assistants around. "I don't know what he says," sighs Jones Ramsey, "but I say that's where he wins the games." And after Royal talks the captains take over, the coach turning his back and strolling off like an artful matador.

Tommy Nobis talks longer on Fridays than most Texas captains have before because he's the *unofficial* self-appointed pride coach. He had so much pride and took his football so seriously in high school in San Antonio, for example, that he got up at 5:30 every morning, rode a bus, transferred, rode another, then walked, just to attend Thomas Jefferson High (the school that produced Kyle Rote) even though another school was located only a few blocks from his home.

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# METROPOLITAN STYLES

NOBIS continued

"In San Antonio you can attend any high school you want to," Tommy explained last week in Suite 160 of Moore-Hill Hall, an actual cupcake's name, fixed up by Royal for Nobis and Kristynik, complete with hi-fi, TV, a living room, bedroom, view of Memorial Stadium and—soon to come—burnt-orange carpet, no less. "Jefferson had the best coach [Pat Shannon] in town. I thought, and the best program, and it was worth it to go there."

A freckled, pink-faced, red-haired, soft-voiced senior studying speech and physical education—he wouldn't cop out by claiming he's anything but a P.E. major—Nobis said honestly, "See, football is my life. It always was. I want to be a coach. You go to college for a lot of reasons, to be an engineer or a lawyer or a doctor, or something like that. And you study hard to become successful. I study and go to classes so I can play football. Football is my work, what I want to be. Now, if I'm not good enough in school, I can't play football. Shoot, I'm pretty poor in a lot of subjects, but I like history, it's interesting, and it's just that I have to stay after it to make decent grades. It's gettin' harder and harder to get into a good university like Texas, and harder to play in. I try never to miss classes. It shows I'm interested and tryin'."

Nobis' pride made him an easy recruit for Texas. All it took was one visit to Oklahoma. "I knew," he said, "that either Coach Royal or Bud Wilkinson would be the two best men to play for—if I wanted to become a coach. So I went up to visit OU, but you know what? I got real mad hearin' some of those guys talk bad about Texas. I guess the pride just came out in me."

The pride is a source of worry to Nobis as well as satisfaction. He rarely trusts himself with a date after a game. "I'm just no fun then," he said. "And I don't want to take it out on some poor girl. Mostly, I just visit with my folks [his younger brother, Joe, is a junior end at Thomas Jefferson High] and get something to eat and then try to listen to some good country music and go to sleep. Dad gum it, though, the radio keeps comin' on with football scores, and I get all fired up again."

He is especially fired up at being a co-captain with Kristynik. He feels the responsibility deeply, holds repetitious meetings in Suite 160 with teammates

continued

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to make sure everyone is "thinking right," and, more than ever before, refuses to appear weary on the field.

"You got to look a man in the eye, whether he's on your side or the other." When Nobis, who is called Rancher by the team, says this he sounds a little like a gunslinger, which is what he resembles in the Stetson hat he occasionally wears and shirts that won't button around his mighty neck. "Look him in the eye and let him know you're ready," he says. "When I call a defense I stare at our guys the best I know how to show 'em I got confidence."

Then he stares at the enemy and girds himself up for a manner of tackling that has become the vogue of college play, and is performed better by Nobis than by anyone else. Players not so long ago were taught to hit a runner low, the lower the better. No more. Royal has taught his Longhorns, and others have followed, to keep their heads high and go after the man from the waist up, driving their helmets into the runner, smothering him and hoping to jar loose the ball. Pass defenders have a simple rule: punish the receiver for every ball he catches. Texas, in four games, has caused 24 fumbles. As Royal says, "Whoever he is, and wherever he's goin', we want 11 of us around him."

"You don't get fooled as much if you go high," said Nobis, whose personal talent for the bear hug and headgear-in-the-chest—"in the gizzlie," he says—has become as familiar a sight in the Southwest as Sam Baugh's pusses ever were. "You're not tryin' to hurt anybody. Nobody wants to do that. It's just the best way to tickle, the surest way."

Away from the fierceness of football, Tommy Nobis could pass for a biology student who collects butterflies. Quick-smiling, friendly, good-natured and sensitive ("He'd be the last guy in a street fight," says Royal), he even has a sense of humor, which is fairly unusual for someone who goes around stacking people in the gizzlie on Saturdays. Last spring Nobis made a luncheon talk to a downtown Austin civic group, and he spoke interestingly for over an hour. A couple of his teammates were present, and they were astounded.

"Hey, Tommy," said one. "I didn't know you were a *speaker*, man."

Nobis grinned, his neck exploding to size 23, and said, "What'd you think I was—just another pretty face?" **END**

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## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

In a year distinguished more for its upsets than for any sort of consistency, the favorites finally came through—and by comfortable margins, for a change. Arkansas and Texas coasted on their tough defenses to set up a mighty showdown this Saturday. Nebraska and USC looked ominously strong, the surprising boys of Georgia and the sudden monsters of Michigan State were marvelous again and so, in their negative way, were West Virginia's curious Mountaineers (below), who eschew defense for points, points, points

**Y**ou would not *have* to say that West Virginia University looks for inspiration in adversity, but that ship's mast that occupies such a conspicuous place on the campus is off the battleship *West Virginia*, which was sunk at Pearl Harbor. The classic example of a West Virginia alumnus, General Anthony C. McAuliffe, said "nuts" to the Germans at Bastogne while looking down the gun barrels of about 20,000 German soldiers who had him surrounded. And West Virginia football fans take an almost perverse delight in the nonsuccess of their team, particularly the two 17-year periods during which the Mountaineers could not beat their most hated opponent, Pittsburgh. The Mountaineers also consider it worth mentioning that Marshall Goldberg, the best football player the state ever produced, went away to Pitt and that Paul Bryant, then at Kentucky, and General Bob Neyland of Tennessee used to steal in regularly to recruit the state's better players.

It is further pointed out with approbation that Spartan West Virginia has never had an athletic dome, has not red-shirted a player in 10 years and has never, never made a concession on a player's classroom schedule. When the team starts practice—on a field 1½ miles away that the players get to by bus—as many as a third of the players are liable to still be in class. The players do not pretend to be glamorous. Unglamorous as can be is the star quarterback, Allen (Coo) McCune, a miner's son who apologizes in the huddle for incomplete passes, talks with his head down and not often, and

rides around in a convertible only when he is with someone who owns one.

The so-called "golden eras" of West Virginia football are more or less recognized as mistakes. The team has gone undefeated one time in 72 years and has had capacity crowds exactly five times in about 350 home games. Its fans have been conditioned not to get too excited. Until now.

This year West Virginians are so excited they don't know what to do except rush to the ticket office, where tickets are getting scarce. The goody-goody student *Daily Athenaeum* has found it necessary to caution its readers concerning their stadium manners. Publisher Ed Barrett is considering installing a tranquilizer dispenser in the press box. Coach Gene Corum says he is fast becoming the oldest 44-year-old coach in the business. In his nightmares Corum thrashes through 0-0 ties, though logic tells him his team is not likely ever to be shut out—or to shut out anybody. The Mountaineers are not just undefeated (the 25-2 victory over The Citadel on Saturday was their fourth straight), they have averaged 44.5 points a game. They average 259.8 yards a game rushing, 222 yards passing and 200 adjectives per sportswriter's story in Barrett's press box. They are the most explosive team in college football. They are also one of the most exploded on: even William and Mary pushed them around for 345 yards. However, the defense made at least a token comeback against The Citadel, intercepting five passes, recovering two fumbles and forcing a safety.

Two weeks ago at Morgantown, before that fifth capacity crowd, West Virginia beat rival Pittsburgh 63-48. West Virginia scored more points in the first half (28) than it had in 57 previous games with Pitt. Coach Corum, with a West Virginian's eye for negativity, noted that the key play of the game was a defensive one—End Bill Sullivan slid across the line to stop the Pitt quarterback at the goal on a two-point conversion play. It was one of the few tackles made all afternoon. The score then was 49-48. Quarterback McCune knew exactly what to do to protect the one-point lead; he threw a 59-yard touchdown pass. An alumnus told Corum afterward that he was living dangerously—if he kept this up the fans would start taking football as seriously as they do basketball—and that's real trouble.

It is mostly Corum's fault, of course. He is a native son who played for the Mountaineers before and after World War II as a 176-pound guard and should know better. He was called Cockey then, because he was such a stoic sufferer. He would probably deny that he once played a game with a broken arm, but West Virginians believe it. Cockey Corum was an assistant to the late Art Lewis for 10 years and is now in his sixth year as head coach. He has accomplished a painstaking rebuilding program. The first year he did not win a game; Saturday's victory over The Citadel finally pushed him over .500 at 27 wins, 26 losses. Corum appreciates the university's low-key approach to the game, but he does not let it stop him from getting

things done. During that first year he gathered his coaches together and made goodwill trips to every high school in the state—all 254 of them. The staff has been doing that ever since, in August, when other coaches are busy preparing for fall practice. The result: not many good West Virginia players pack off to Kentucky or Tennessee anymore. "He wraps the flag around you," says one. "How can you refuse?"

A deliberately positive effort was also made to bring in good Negro athletes. The first two—Fullback Dick Leftridge and Guard Roger Alford—are seniors now. They call themselves The Pioneers and Leftridge says that when their sons go to West Virginia they will be known as The Sons of the Pioneers. Leftridge is a high-shouldered, powerfully built 220-pounder from Hinton, W. Va., one of 10 children in a railroadier's family. He once asked Corum for permission to go home for the weekend. "Be back by 10 a.m. Monday," he was told. At 10 on Monday Leftridge phoned. "It's snowing, and I don't have a way back," he said. Corum exploded. Five minutes later Leftridge walked into his office. "When I heard how mad you were, Coach," he said, "I took a jet."

Leftridge is in shape for the first time in his life. Previously he had a problem

with tables—he never wanted to get up from one. When he is in shape he is a slashing runner (369 yards in 66 carries so far this fall) and an even better blocker. "I love to hit the big guys," he says.

The man Leftridge is usually hitting and blocking for is a sophomore halfback from Washington, D.C., a handsome Negro with cow eyes and a self-deprecating manner. Conservatively speaking, says one WVU official, Garrett Ford should make All-America this year and every year until he graduates. The nation's third-leading rusher, he is averaging 8.5 yards a carry, has four runs and a pass reception of 50 yards or more and has scored six touchdowns. He wears number 32, because he is a great believer in Jimmy Brown, the Cleveland star. Ford wanted to go to Syracuse, Brown's school, but never even paid it a visit, because one trip to Morgantown and he was sold—"I guess it was the southern hospitality."

Still, the man who makes this splendid attack go is Quarterback McCune, who comes from the same high school—East Bank—that sent West Virginia its finest basketball player, Jerry West. McCune passes well (for touchdowns in seven straight games) and is just quick enough on sprint-out passes to get the ball away under a rush, though he is no scrambler. He gets help from the bench on 30% of his play calls, which he says is fine, because in the huddle he sometimes draws a blank. Corum moved him from defense last year after West Virginia had gone scoreless in 13 straight quarters and the coaching staff was casting about frantically for someone to pull them out. "I wouldn't have asked for the job," McCune says, typically unpresuming, "but I am glad they made the change."

The West Virginia offense is by no means unusually conceived—it is a straight wing T, with a split end and a flip-flopping line. The secret is execution—none of the 11 offensive starters have played together since they were freshmen, and they thrive on togetherness. They block like madmen and are especially deadly on traps and wedges. Furthermore, Bob Dunlevy, 6 feet 5 and the fastest man on the team, is a superb pass catcher (14 so far for 272 yards), and so is Wingback Dick (Radar) Rader. McCune is grateful. "Everything I throw up, they grab. It's really something."

It is not likely that West Virginia will make it through undefeated, not with

Penn State, Kentucky and Syracuse still to play. But to knock the Mountaineers off it will take a heap of points and recognition that their Spartan attitude is not likely to go soft from a few happy successes. Certainly McCune is unspoiled. After one of his better performances he went to Barrett, head down, a dollar bill in hand, and said, "I'd like to buy a program, sir."

Unbeatable humility, that is what it is.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD

## THE SOUTH 1. GEORGIA (4-0) 2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (4-0) 3. KENTUCKY (3-1)

For years Southeastern Conference teams obligingly died for dear Ole Miss. They do so no longer and the latest of the noncooperators, FLORIDA, spent a pleasant Saturday winning 17-0 at Quarterback Steve Spurrier and Lonesome End Charley Casey belabored the Rebels with their running and throwing. Spurrier completed 18 of 29 passes for 223 yards and one touchdown and ran nine yards for another. Casey, running deceptive patterns and making spectacular grabs, caught seven passes and scored once. It was the first time that one of Coach Johnny Vaught's teams had lost three straight.

That left MISSISSIPPI STATE and Mississippi Southern, both unbeaten, to decide the state championship. And whenever these kinsin' cousins tangle, it is never easy living. State Coach Paul Davis stacked his defense to keep Vic Purvis, Southern's glamour boy, from running inside, but Purvis almost ruined the Bulldogs with his passing. It took a succession of hairy goal-line stands to hold State's 17-9 lead. Then, with four minutes to go, Quarterback Ashby Cook put the game out of reach. His passes set up Jimmy Neill's 26-yard field goal and a touchdown to make the final score 27-9.

As usual, GEORGIA stumbled and struggled and then won again. Down 9-6 to Clemson, the unbeaten Bulldogs went ahead 23-9 when Guard Jimmy Cooley blocked a kick for a touchdown and Fullback Ronnie Jenkins plunged over from the three for another. Resourceful LSU, turned two Mounts fumbles and a blocked punt into three scores in the first half and then almost got caught by the Hurricanes when Miami sophomore Quarterback Bill Miller completed 21 passes for three touchdowns. But LSU won 34-27. "I'd like to say I was cool out there," said Miller, "but I was scared."

"I don't know when I've wanted anything more," said KENTUCKY's Charley Bradshaw before the Florida State game. What prompted these remarks was the 48-6 drubbing the Seminoles gave his team last year. So Bradshaw dreamed up a new play for the occasion—a tackle-eligible pass for Doug Davis, a 238-pound giant—and it led

continued



Big Dick Leftridge, trimmed down to workable size, scores against Citadel

to two Kentucky touchdowns. But FSU Coach Bill Peterson, plotting too, had a surprise for the Wildcats. Bill Moreman, taking a kickoff in his end zone, headed up the middle to the 13-yard line, stopped and suddenly tossed a short cross-field pass to T. K. Wetherell, behind a four-man screen. The quarter raced untouched for a score. Kentucky, as expected, finally won the battle of wits, by an unexpectedly close 26-24.

ALABAMA recovered from some early troubles to beat Vanderbilt 22-7 while TENNESSEE thumped South Carolina 24-3 and AUBURN ran over Chattanooga 30-7. But Tulane lost to GEORGIA TECH 13-10.

OUKE's Scotty Glacken and Pat's Kenny Lucia tossed the ball around as if it were the excruciating Exhibit A in a murder trial. They each threw a touchdown pass, but Glacken also got one running, and that was the difference as the Blue Devils won 21-13. NORTH CAROLINA edged North Carolina State 10-7. MARYLAND rallied to take Wake Forest 10-7. VIRGINIA squashed past VMI 14-10; and VIRGINIA TECH beat George Washington 17-12.

## THE EAST

1. NAVY (2-1-1) 2. SYRACUSE (2-2) 3. ARMY (2-2)

Nobody really believed that Army could beat NOTRE DAME. But 61,000 went to New York's Shea Stadium to watch the Cadets try. What they saw was a bruising, sometimes dull, game. Notre Dame's Art Pernaghi knew the best part of Army's game was its wonderful defensive line. So he decided to start sophomore Quarterback Ted Schoen and come out passing. The play paid. With the ball on the Army 20, Schoen scrambled nimbly away from a determined Cadet rush and passed to End Don Gmitter for a touchdown. Senior Bill Zloch took over in the second half, and the Irish reverted to a ball control game. Nick Eddy scored on a five-yard run, and then Fullback Larry Conjar battered the spent Army forwards for 52 yards in 10 carries to set up a 23-yard field goal by Ken Iwan. Notre Dame won 17-0.

For a while it seemed that PENN STATE and Boston College were determined to give each other the game. The two fumbled and traded interceptions like kids in a schoolyard before State settled down and took advantage of the breaks—a bad BC punt and a fumble. Halfback Don Kant ran over from the four and Fullback Dave McNaughton bulled 10 yards for a 17-0 victory. Coach Rip Eagle's 100th at Penn State.

William and Mary made the sad mistake of scoring first against NAVY. The Midshipmen's sophomore backs reacted like wounded rhinos. Quarterback John Cartwright completed 16 of 22 passes for 139 yards. Halfback Terry Murray wriggled over for three touchdowns and Navy won 42-14.

Cornell's Tom Harp had a gimmick ready

for PRINCETON's sidekicking Charley Gogolak—two light fullbacks who stood on the shoulders of tall tackles and tried to bat down his kicks. They succeeded in giving the AP a good national picture, but Gogolak kicked over the extra points for 54- and 44-yard field goals and four extra points. Non-

## BEST OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** Quarterback Billy Anderson's amazing passing showed Iota post Memphis State 32-28. He set an NCAA record with 79 completions (16 to End Howard Tadley) in 65 tries for 447 yards and four touchdowns.

**THE LINEMAN:** Michigan State routed post Michigan on the lion-size play of Rover George Webster. Key man in State's 5-3 defense, he tackled fiercely, batted passes away and recovered two fumbles to give his team an early edge.

ever, it took three more touchdown passes and a 13-yard run by Tailback Ron Landeck to hold off Cornell 36-27.

The rest of the lives were predictable DARKMOUTH, after some anxious moments, squeaked past Penn 24-19. Halfbacks Wally Grant and Bobby Leo ran Columbia dizzy to give HARVARD a 21-6 victory. YALE caught Brown 3-0 on Dan Begel's 23-yard field goal.

## THE MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (4-0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (4-0) 3. PURDUE (3-0-1)

It was an awful study in anguish at Ann Arbor last Saturday. While 803,219 looked on in disbelief, MICHIGAN STATE's big, fast linemen rushed at Michigan's backs like a gang of rumbling teen-agers. With Bubba Smith, a 268-pound end, 286-pound Middle Guard Harold Lucas and 211-pound End Bob Vinny leading the terrible charge, and 218-pound Rover George Webster backing it up, the Spartans wrecked Michigan's running game, holding it to minus 39 yards. And when Wolverine Quarterback Dick Vidmer dropped back to pass, he was flattened so fast and so often that he began to look like a permanent fixture in the stadium floor. Meanwhile Quarterback Steve Fudge, Halfback Clinton Jones and Fullback Bob Ayers—on a last-second 39-yard run—had a delightful time storming to three touchdowns. Dick Kenney, the hawkeye Hawaiian, kicked two field goals, and unbeaten Michigan State won 24-7.

Who is the best quarterback in the country? If you ask Iowa's Jerry Burns, he has to say PURDUE's Bob Griese. All Griese did was pick apart Iowa with his superb passes (20 of 35 for 216 yards), bruise the Hawkeyes with his nifty running (for one score) and, finally, beat them 17-14 with two extra points and a 19-yard field goal. "How can you beat him?" asked Burns plaintively.

OHIO STATE had a one-man gang ready

for Illinois, too. Grinding it out in pure Woody Hayes fashion, the Bucks sent Fullback Tom Barrington crashing through the Illini line 32 times for 179 yards and three touchdowns and won 28-14. MINNESOTA was more circumspect. Quarterback John Hankinson threw three touchdown passes to complement Fullback Joe Holmberg's two scores up the middle as the Gophers ran over Indiana 42-18. NORTHWESTERN regained some much-needed face for the suffering Big Ten, beating Oregon State 15-7. But Wisconsin did not have a chance against NEBRASKA. Quarterback Fred Duda tormented the poor Badgers, running 59 yards for one touchdown and passing 29 to little Frankie Solich for another. The Huskers won easily 37-0. "They didn't surprise us," said Coach Mark Bruhn. "They did what they've been doing well—in fact, better."

Nebraska, though, may be in for trouble from some of its Big Eight neighbors vis-a-vis who are third straight, over Kansas State 28-6, while COLORADO routed Oklahoma State 34-11 as sophomores Dick O'Dell and William Harris ran for three touchdowns. Winless Kansas went down again, to IOWA STATE 28-7.

Strange things were happening to perennial powers in the Mid-American Conference. TOHIO's green youngsters, who did not figure to beat many teams, upset Ohio U. 21-7 for their third win. DOWLING GREEN, favored to win the league title, barely got by Western Michigan 21-17, while the heir presumptive, KENT STATE, took Miami of Ohio 24-13.

## THE SOUTHWEST

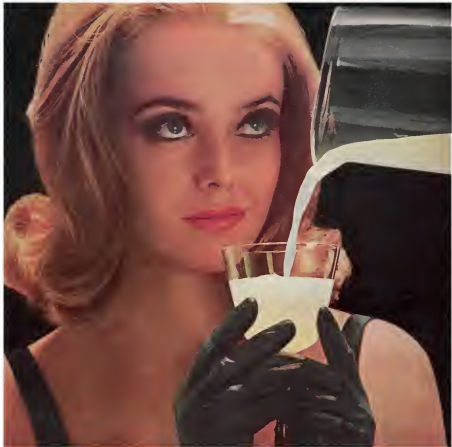
1. TEXAS (4-0) 2. ARKANSAS (4-0) 3. TEXAS TECH (3-1)

The preliminaries are over, the lines drawn. Season No. 2 starts Saturday in Fayetteville when Texas meets Arkansas.

Getting as habitually splendid, balanced ground game from Bobby Burnett inside and Harry Jones outside, ARKANSAS thrived on the absence of Terry Southall and ripped crippled Baylor 38-7. The Hogs intercepted more Bear passes (6) than they caught of their own (4) and used one of the former (Tommy Trantham's 69-yard touchdown) late in the first half for the early killer.

Many Oklahoma ticket holders stayed home rather than visit the Cotton Bowl for the game with TEXAS. They must have had a vision. Mary Krystynik and Tommy Nobis again took starting roles as the Soons stamped 19-0. The one bright note for the Sooners was their own linebacker, Carl McAdams, who gave as good as he got. The Oklahoma offense, however, was painful (only six first downs). The visitors did salvage something. Oklahoma's hand took up the entire half-time show, preventing Texas from going on. "We won the game, they won the band," said an unconcerned Texan.

*continued*



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IN '66...in a Rocket Action Olds!

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Speculation's over. Toronado's here! New proof of Oldsmobile engineering leadership. Only full-size car with front wheel drive. Gives you up-front traction... flat floors... six-passenger spaciousness! Plus exceptional stability... the year's most advanced styling! All on a big 119-inch wheelbase — powered by a 385-hp Rocket V-8! Rumor's over. Toronado's here! **LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!** ►

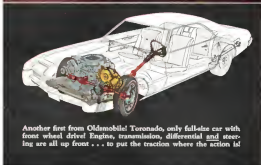
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Out front in '66

# TORONADO

 by Oldsmobile

Exciting TEXAS TECH won another wild one when Tom Wilson threw an 11-yard pass to Mike Leinert, with 2:20 left, to beat TCU 28-24. Minutes earlier Frank Horak had put the Frogs ahead with a 103-yard kickoff return. Disappointing Houston was again beaten, this time by Glynn Lindsey's 26-yard field goal that won 10-7 for TEXAS A&M. And two other unbeaten teams stayed that way: TEXAS WESTERN, using 319 passing yards by the wondrous Billy Stevens, crushed Colorado State 35-0; WEST TEXAS STATE rolled over Trinity 34-6.

**THE WEST** 1 USC (3-0) 2. STANFORD (3-0-1) 3. OREGON (3-1)

For USC's muscular, slippery Mike Garrett, it was a routine game—175 yards rushing in 31 carries, including a 58-yard sprint to set up one touchdown, and a crushing block to spring teammate Rod Sherman loose for another. But for Quarterback Troy Winslow, it was a wide-screen spectacular. He completed all 11 of his passes for two touchdowns and ran for one himself. By the time Coach Johnny McKay called off his brace of Trojans, Washington was dead 34-0.

It did not seem possible that STANFORD could beat OREGON. Long-pass receiver Bobby Blunt was out with an injury and Quarterback Dave Lewis was ailing with a sprained big toe, which prevented him from running options or punting. To make matters worse the Indians fumbled the ball away four times in the first half. But the Stanford defense, led by Guard Mike Hibler, did all the right things. It slanted, stunted, red-dogged and held the Webfoots down until Coach John Rubenstein dusted off an old play, a tackle-eligible pass. Lewis threw one to Blaine Nye to tie Oregon 7-7 in the third quarter and another to Ferg Flanagan with 1:12 to go to beat the Webfoots 17-14.

UTSA's Tommy Proffers had a couple of

new plays of his own for Syracuse. The first time the Bruins got the ball, after a Syracuse fumble, Quarterback Gary Beban rolled right on the option and kept on going for 27 yards and a touchdown behind some specially devised blocking. The next time UCLA gained possession Beban rolled right again, the Syracuse defense edged up, and Beban passed over it to End Kurt Altenberg for 79 yards and another score. Unable to fathom such ruthless trickery, Syracuse bowed 24-14.

CALIFORNIA was showing signs of improvement. The defense set up three second-quarter touchdowns with pass interceptions and fumble recoveries, and the Bears trimmed Air Force 24-7. WASHINGTON STATE, however, had to come from behind to take underdog Villanova 24-16. The difference was a scoring flurry that took only a minute. Quarterback Tom Roth threw a 78-yard pass to Halfback Bob Simpson, and Willie Garkins ran back an interception 41 yards.

The smart money was on unbeaten Wyoming when the Cowboys came to Salt Lake City to play UTAH. Wyoming had shipped Arizona, the Utes had lost to Arizona, and they always lose to the Cowboys anyway. So at half time, when Wyoming led 3-0, nobody was surprised. But then miraculous things began to happen. The mean Utah defense, led by Linebacker Pat McKivock, shook the Cowboys loose from the ball four times, swift little Ben Woodson suddenly found space and ran for three touchdowns, Quarterback Rich Groth passed for two more (one of them to Woodson), and Wyoming was shattered 42-3.

To make it a perfect Utah weekend, unbeaten UTAH STATE overcame a near disastrous first half, saved only by its rough, tough defense, and finally won over strong Idaho 30-19. Roy Shivers, a back the pros are watching carefully, was the Aggies' big weapon.

—MIRVIS HYMAN

## THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

**PENN STATE OVER SYRACUSE** State gets stronger, while Syracuse can't get going.

**NAVY OVER PITT** A little offense and strong defense over a big offense and no defense.

**HARVARD OVER CORNELL** An even game, but the Crimson has the better runners.

**LSU OVER KENTUCKY** The Bengals have a way of taming Wildcats, especially at home.

**ALABAMA OVER TENNESSEE** The Vols lack the offense to penetrate "Bama.

**AUBURN OVER OREGON TECH** Auburn's good line is too tough for Tech's young backs.

**GEORGIA OVER FLORIDA STATE** The rag-tag Bulldogs capitalize on organized confusion.

**NORTH CAROLINA OVER MARYLAND** The Tar Heels have forcibly impressed sterner foes.

**WEST VIRGINIA OVER VIRGINIA** Scoring is their game, and West Virginia does it better.

**PURDUE OVER MINNAPOLIS** The Wolverines are still bumbling, and Purdue has Grise.

**MICHIGAN STATE OVER OHIO STATE** The Spartans are more direct. They hit and run.

**TEXAS OVER ARKANSAS** But, barely. These Hogs are slippery and determined.

**UNC OVER STAMFORD** Faster and bigger, the Trojans will beat an aroused Stanford.

**WASHINGTON STATE OVER ARIZONA** The senescent Cougars can contain Arizona's speed.

**WYOMING OVER TEXAS WESTERN** The Cowboys will keep a step ahead of Stevens.

**LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS**  
12 RIGHT, 2 WRONG  
SEASON'S RECORD: 30-30-8



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## SHOTGUNS IN THE FIELD

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLOEN



This is the hunters' season, the time of year when man seeks the roots of his past and the meaning of his present in the forests and the fields. It is the time of cackling, fat pheasants, fast-flying ducks, elusive grouse and evasive quail. And it is the time of shotguns. There is no firearm more versatile, more widely used or more popular among outdoor sportsmen. Of the 20 million Americans who

will go hunting this season, more than 15 million will take along shotguns—some for upland game, some for waterfowl and some simply as an excuse for the pleasure and the exhilaration of being outdoors on a crisp fall day. On the following pages Dan Orlich and William Bonnette Jr., two of the nation's most experienced shooters, demonstrate the pleasures of a shotgun in the field.

CONTINUED



#### WAITING OUT PHEASANTS

The Chinese ringneck pheasant is a tough and tricky target that would rather run than fly—and does so at the slightest disturbance. It generally flushes with a noisy and disconcerting cackle and often tries clumsily for altitude before leveling off at deceptive speeds. Large-boned, thickly feathered and heavily padded, pheasants are hard to bring down, and difficult to keep down. For these reasons former Green Bay Packer Dan Orlich (*right*), four times All-America trap team captain and the winner of some 1,000 shooting trophies, prefers a 12-gauge, 3 1/4-dram, 1 1/4-ounce load of No. 6 shot for pheasants. He uses a Remington Model 32 over-and-under with improved and full-choke barrels six inches longer than the average 26-inch field length. "Game rarely goes so fast that you do not have time to get on it before firing," Orlich says. "The temptation on pheasants, especially when they flush under your feet, is to shoot too quickly. Long barrels prevent snap shots. The few added feet the bird moves are more than compensated for in greater accuracy." With long barrels or short, Orlich's pheasant-shooting rules are the same: "Control the gun at all times. A bird may flush anywhere. When one does, bring the gun firmly to your cheek and shoulder, position feet and body. Take a few seconds after the bird gets up to determine its flight path. Track it exactly as you would a clay target, then swing past it, move ahead of it and fire. If its head stays up—even if the bird goes down—fire again. Hunt with a dog and keep your eyes on the bird until it is in the bag."



CONTINUED

## Olin packs 'em in.

Olin boxes can take on all kinds of stuff. Without getting the stuffings knocked out of them. Our boxes have carried everything from frozen eggs and frying pans to refrigerators and voting machines. (We even took on

some disappearing attic stairs that didn't disappear before they arrived at the attic.) When boxes don't dog-eat, and puppy dogs don't bite their way out, you can be sure of one thing. Olin knows how to pack 'em in.

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*Like this '66 Riviera Gran Sport.*

*You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.*

Every last thing that goes into a Buick—suspension, body mounts, shock absorbers—not only has to work, it has to work with everything else. That's tuning.

To tune the car, we tame Pikes Peak. The hard way. Down hill. (Anybody can rip up Pikes Peak, and practically everybody does. That tests zip. We also come down. In high





gear. That tests brakes. And ride. And handling. And the test driver's nerve.)

To tune the car, we fit pistons to cylinders individually. (Come what may, pistons are liable to vary in size as much as 3-10,000 of an inch. So are cylinders. So we match them with an ingenious machine which measures with air.)

**Tuning is what we do more of** (and care more about) than anybody we know of. And then we go out and test it in more places, too. On roads like the ones you'll be driving on. Why we do it will be obvious when you take your first ride. (Tuning may be hard to explain. But it's easy to notice.)

**What the tuned car will do for you. And your family.** For a start, the new Riviera will comfort you. You'll see that when you slip into the Riviera's new bench seats. Space for six. If you like buckets, they're available, with a reclining arrangement for the right-front passenger. And we have another comforting option available: a new notch-back seat that converts from bench to semi-bucket.

Now, notice that those little side-vent windows are gone. We replaced them with ventilators tucked behind the rear window. For no-draft airiness. And for less clutter, less noise and better visibility. You'll find that pretty comfortable, too.

**Choosing the tuned car.** Visit your Buick dealer. Every Buick you see is the tuned car. Riviera, the new international classic. Riviera Gran Sport, its fast new running mate. Every '66 Buick.

And with a choice like that, how in the world can you go wrong?

Come see what tuning can do for you. And your driving. And your family.

**Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?**

## **1966 Buick. The tuned car.**





Sprite alone is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes. But introduce Sprite to a favored whiskey; the result is smashing! A fun couple! Alive! Exuberant! Yet subtle. Sprite complements, but never tries to dominate. Come make your whiskey happy.



Were Sprite and whiskey made for each other?  
Or is this exuberance just one of those things?

## WALKING UP QUAIL AND GROUSE

The bobwhite is known as a quail in the North, as a partridge in the South and as the No. 1 upland game bird in the field and on the table. Small, fast and difficult to hit, it sits tight to dogs, flushes with sudden and startling speed and takes off with remarkable maneuverability. "Quail usually lift straight up before leveling off," says William Bonnette Jr., who owns and operates the South's largest quail-hunting preserve near Palm Beach, Fla. (SI, March 4, 1963), "but unlike the pheasant, when a quail 'towers' this almost always means that it is mortally wounded. The bobwhite requires little powder," he adds, "but a lot of precision to bring it down." Bonnette's favorite quail combination is a Remington Model 58 autoloader in 20 gauge with 2¼-dram, ⅝-ounce No. 8 or 9 shot. He, too, prefers a longer-than-average (30 inches) barrel. Bonnette (*shown at right, wearing hat, with young Byron Ramsey Jr. of Palm Beach*) starts out novice quail hunters with the smallest of all shotguns, the .410, to emphasize skill over shell size. "Hunt into the wind to prevent your dog flushing birds before he scents them," he says, "and walk abreast. Never get ahead of or behind your partner. When flushing birds, try not to approach between them and their probable escape route to avoid overhead shots. Stop with one foot forward so that you are in position to swing your gun. and keep your eyes on the horizon, not on the ground. When the birds get up, count to three. This gives you time to pick the bird nearest you and to determine its flight. It gives the bird time to get out into reasonable range—30 to 50 feet. Swing at least 2 to 3 feet ahead and continue swinging as you fire. Most beginners shoot into a covey rather than at a single bird, and they usually shoot too soon." About the only time the fastest gun gets the game is in grouse hunting. Here the novice seldom shoots at all. He is either hung up in a thicket when the bird flushes or is paralyzed by its explosive takeoff. "Ruffed grouse take strong legs and thick skin to hunt," says Orlich, "and cool nerves, cat reflexes and good ears and eyes to hit. Usually you hear a roar of wings first. By the time you see the grouse, it is disappearing behind a bush. You have one fleeting second to get the gun up, guess the angle and the lead and fire. The gun you can get in position fastest is more important than the gauge shell it fires. Field or trap loads in No. 7½ shot are fine. The trick is locating the target."



CONTINUED



# **PATIENCE PAYS OFF ON WATERFOWL**

Ducks and geese are shot from boats and sunken barrels, over grain fields and in stubble, along rivers and at potholes, but they are most often shot from a blind over decoys. For the best shots, hunters should position themselves with wind at their backs, since wildfowl land and take off into the wind. The blind, whether of hastily cut branches or prebuilt, should hide hunters from birds but afford some view of the horizon. Sit so that you can wait out birds in comfort, for hours if necessary, and still get into shooting position with minimum movement. "If you have to stretch your legs every five minutes, you'll never see a bird," Bonnette says, "and if you get so stiff you can't move, you'll never hit one. A few extra minutes getting comfortable at the start are well spent." Bonnette uses a combination swivel seat-shellbox in the blind (upper left), while Ramsing squats. Both keep bodies still, faces down and heads low as birds approach. To shoot (below left) they move forward onto knees in single, swift motion. Each can swing his gun freely, follow through smoothly in this position. "When to fire and how far to lead are the critical decisions in waterfowl shooting," says Bonnette. "The birds are almost always farther away, and moving faster, than you think. Very few are downed at 60 yards in spite of boasts otherwise, but many are crippled with one or two pellets at that distance. The same shots at 30 to 40 yards would be clean hits. Judging range takes practice. Some hunters decide a duck is close enough when it looks the size of a silver dollar on the end of their barrel. Others wait until they can see its eye or make out its colors. Some set a large decoy 40 yards away as a range finder. These all help, but the real key to shooting over decoys is patience. Wait until you are sure the birds are in range, then wait a 10-count longer."



## LEAD OUTWEIGHS LOAD

Many upland gunners discover the hard way that leads which work on quail and pheasants seldom ruffle the tail feathers of ducks and geese. "Upland birds are usually shot on the rise or shortly after—before they reach top speeds—at ranges of 30 to 60 feet," says Bonnette. "When waterfowl are shot in full flight, the range may be three times that distance. Hitting them is less a matter of how much gun you use than of how well you use it. A regular 12-gauge gun with 4-dram, 1 3/4-ounce loads of No. 6 shot for ducks and No. 4 shot for geese will bring down more birds than a Magnum that reaches out a little further but is awkward to

swing and punishing to shoot. With any gun the right lead depends upon how far the birds are from it, how fast they are flying and at what angle. Shot travels at known speeds. In the time an average duck load takes to reach a point 40 yards away, a duck flying 50 mph travels 10 feet beyond that point. The same shot takes almost twice as long to travel 60 yards, so you must lead by at least 20 feet. At any range exact leads are arguable since each hunter measures them in terms of his own eye, judgment, reflexes and coordination. A 10-foot lead to one gunner may look like two duck lengths to another. A general rule is: figure your lead, then double it, allowing for angles of flight. Birds crossing at right angles to the gun require maximum lead, less as the angle decreases. Shoot above as well as ahead of rising birds, just under birds that are setting down and right on straightaways at gun level. Where birds are passing directly overhead, stay down until they are in range. Stand up and fire (below) until birds reach one o'clock. Lower gun, keeping muzzle up, and pivot 180° to new shooting position. Only novices and gymnasts try overhead shots while doing a backbend."

END



It might not be simple cause and effect, but Illinois put mascot **Chief Illiniwek** into the SMU game at halfback and won 42-0. Actually, the chief had been on the bench all along, except at half time Illiniwek, sometimes known as Fred Cash, is a senior who had never played team football in his life, but this fall he decided to try out. To everybody's surprise, he made it. Now, five minutes before each half time, Illini player 22 gets off the bench, changes into Indian togs, then goes into a frenzied war dance. Oh, about that game appearance. Illiniwek didn't do anything very heroic, but he did wobble to whoop another day. Which is about the best an Indian who jumps the reservation and goes on the warpath can expect.

Long-distance runners are accustomed to having their loneliness shattered by everything from bowser to bulldozer, but two of Southern California's best track prospects found a brand-new hazard. Preparing for cross-country, **John Link**, a 4,506.6 mile a s freshman last year, and **Craig Grant**, runner of a 1:56.8 half mile at Illinois' Proviso West High School, were cruising along the mac-

adam near the end of a 15-mile run. At the intersection of Vermont Avenue and Jefferson Boulevard in suburban Los Angeles, the Trojan trackmen were pulled over to the curb by a traffic patrolman. The cop handed them a ticket for running a red light. In a clear example of police brutality, the officer also penned on the citation, "Doing five miles per hour in a 35-mile zone."

**Crown Prince Harald** of Norway, visiting the manned space center in Houston, was a house guest of **Ernest and Albert Fay**. Ernest is the sailor who defeated the prince last month in the Scandinavian Gold Cup races on Long Island Sound. Albert, a topnotch sailor, too, is the Texas committeeman for the GOP. "It was certainly nice of President Johnson," said Albert, "to provide a jet for the prince to visit a Republican."

Kansas State can scarcely have any complaint about the 7-foot 1-inch altitude of basketball player **Nick Pino**, but Pino's dimensions in other directions are causing KSU some trouble. Last year he wore a size 19E shoe. This year State is having to outfit Pino with a size 20E. But then Kansas State, like most sports-minded schools, is willing to allow a good athlete a little extra latitude.

A weekend guest of Queen Elizabeth, British Prime Minister **Harold Wilson** (*left*) abandoned the political sand traps long enough to have "a lovely day" playing golf on Balmoral Castle's own nine-hole course. On this hole Wilson had to help a companion look for a ball, but himself two-punted for a par.

Being the wife of a college football coach is, most of the time, about as easy as being a preacher's wife. But when you was big, there can be compensations. Just ask **Barbara Dooley**. Ever since husband's Georgia Bulldogs indiscriminately victimized their

first three opponents, including national champion Alabama and Big Ten champion Michigan, life has been distinctly unsticky. At the Athens post office the other day, for example, Mrs. Dooley had licked only the first two stamps for a large stack of letters when she noticed a young man reading the return address over her shoulder. "Are you really Mrs. Vince Dooley?" he asked. "I happily admitted it," Barbara laughed afterward, "and he said, 'Ma'am, don't you dare lick another stamp.' Whereupon he proceeded to lick the remaining 18 stamps, mail the letters and hold open the post office door for me."

Psyker **Dick Farrell**, who collected no World Series cash from his association with the Astros, will realize some Series-time lost from his association (owner) with Astor. Astor, like her namesakes, is a dog—in this case a Norwegian elkhound—and on the eve of the Series she gave birth to six puppies. Each of them is worth \$250.

**Sherman Adams**, former aide to President Eisenhower and one-time governor of New Hampshire, was again tramping along old logging trails near his home

in Lincoln, N.H., but last week he was doing more than his customary hiking. Attired in old trousers and flannel shirt, Adams was directing construction of a new recreation area on Leon Mountain. The \$700,000 area, to feature skiing, will have a 6,900-foot gondola lift on a vertical drop of 1,800 feet and, eventually, a base lodge and hotel. Although only one of eight directors, taciturn Adams admits he has "done the lion's share of the promoting."

**Lee Royer**, assistant football coach at Benton College, never gives up on an assignment. Scouting West Point recently, for example, Royer supplied every particle of information that could possibly help BC. "The man we have to stop is End Sam Champ," he reported. "He's 6 foot 4, 220 pounds, has blue eyes and his girl friend's name is Sue."

Since she hung up her skates, former World Champion Pairs Figure Skater **Marika Kilius**' blades may have gotten a bit rusty, but Marika herself has a bright, shiny new career. Below, at Frankfurt's Henninger Tower, she sharpens some flats with Otto Fats and His Cats.





Old Thompson is wed-in-the-wood. It's the only whiskey we know of that goes back into barrels after blending, to let charred oak smooth out the taste. So it's smoother in a cocktail, and in a high ball too. That's why we call it the Quiet Blend.

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easier to watch. It's Instant-On TV.  
Which means no waiting, no warm-up,  
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Seagram's  
Canadian.

V.O.





## *Byron's Boys beat the British cup team*

The partisan galleries clinging to the dunes and dotting the skyline at Royal Birkdale saw some splendid golf, but their cause was a losing one as Byron Nelson captained the U.S. Ryder Cup team to a solid victory

The biennial Ryder Cup matches that were played last week in England presented the kind of golfing tableau that is, unfortunately, never unveiled in the U.S. The setting was the Royal Birkdale Golf Club, some 20 miles north of Liverpool, one of the truly noble links of the world. The gallery, which ranged from 12,000 to 15,000 for each of the three days, contained that type of devout British golf connoisseur whose knowledge of the game is exceeded only by his enthusiasm. And so the matches themselves were to almost any other golfing event as a bottle of Veuve-Romanee is to a jug of muscatel. It seemed almost incidental that the U.S. pros defeated their counterparts of the British Isles for the 13th time since the series began in 1927.

There is a quality to international team matches—the Walker Cup for amateurs as well as the Ryder Cup—that never reaches its full flavor in the U.S., and this says something about the difference between the two countries. The British admire unity and teamwork and the whole jolly group pulling together for good old Britain or even little old Chipping Sodbury. This concept fires the chauvinistic impulses of that tough island people. Americans, as Louis B. Mayer and the rest of Hollywood discovered, tend to idolize the individual. They would rather watch Jean Harlow than the greatest Shakespearean cast ever assembled, would rather see Babe Ruth than Tankers to Evers to Chance and would far rather observe Arnie

Palmer going for another hundred grand than giving his all for the red, white and blue.

But not so the British and, as a result, just about every golf bug from Lands End to John o' Groat's who could dig up a room in Lancashire county last week turned out for what proved to be the most dazzling golf show yet produced in Britain. It was worth the trip, for this cup match had all the panoply of the changing of the guards plus the kind of efficient management that one normally associates with General Motors. In addition, the course and the weather were perfect. Royal Birkdale's fairways were narrow emerald-green ribbons winding through olive-drab sand dunes on the shores of the Irish Sea.

*(continued)*

The greens were as smoothly puttable as any could be. Because the summer had been extremely wet, they would hold any well-hit approach. There was scarcely a hole on the course that failed to offer ideal viewing from bordering dunes rising 40 or 50 feet high, and the picture of thousands of observers silhouetted against the sky is one of the unforgettable sights of tournament golf.

As far as the British galleries were concerned, the stars of the occasion were Arnold Palmer and Tony Lema, for they were the only players on either side who had ever won the British Open. (Jack Nicklaus, who has not yet completed his full apprenticeship for PGA membership, was not eligible for the U.S. team.) The rest of our side, chosen by a formula of points for tournament performances, consisted of Dave Marr, the recent PGA champion, Julius Boros, Bill Casper, Gene Littler, Tommy Jacobs, Don January, Ken Venturi and Johnny Pott, though Pott had suffered a rib injury and could not play. The British side contained the best of their current crop of pros, plus Christy O'Connor, the Dublin Irishman who qualifies to carry the Union Jack just this once every two years.

To most Americans, the British would have been quite unfamiliar both as golfers and personalities, since they rarely plunge into U.S. professional competi-

tion and even more rarely make much of a splash when they do. Nonetheless, on their home soil they can be formidable and stubborn opponents.

The U.S. team was well aware of the British capabilities, and by the time play began they were exhibiting more of the mannerisms of a gung-ho football squad than those of seasoned old pros competing in an event where the main thing at stake is prestige, not cash. When Byron Nelson was appointed their captain, he wrote each of them a letter saying how glad he was to have them on his team, and later he sent each one a handsome alligator wallet to demonstrate his point. Getting the respect and affection that probably no other older pro could muster from today's active players, Nelson led a team that truly wanted to win. As one of his men (obviously not Palmer) said to him late in the week, "If we played this hard in the tournaments back home, we'd all be millionaires."

The competition began on Thursday with foursome matches, four in the morning and four after lunch. This is alternate-shot golf—you hit it, then your teammate hits it—and is something Americans seldom try. Nor do they really enjoy it, much to their own loss. To many Britons, however, foursomes is golf. It was Nelson's feeling that if the U.S. team could get through Thursday without a serious setback the worst would be over.

By the luck of the draw, the top American pairing of Arnold Palmer and Dave Marr met the British team of Dave Thomas and George Will in both the morning and afternoon matches. In each instance you might have thought it was the Green Bay Packers working out against Soudack Teeh, with each side taking turns as George Will. In the morning Palmer-Marr could do nothing right, failed to win a hole and were clobbered 6 and 5. Winnie Palmer was following her husband around the course, carrying a man-sized box of Kleenex, and it looked for a while like the U.S. was going to need it all to cry into. But in the afternoon Palmer-Marr combined to devastate the British and Royal Birkdale. Starting with a hurdle 4 on the first hole, they shot six straight 3s, and missed 3s at the 8th and 9th by inches for an outgoing 30, which was five under par. Two 4s and two 3s later, the last an eagle, Palmer-Marr had won 6 and 5. Throughout this overpowering stretch of golf—the best in memory at Royal Birkdale—they took only 17 putts.

Captain Nelson's most fortunate pairing of the day turned out to be Tony Lema and Julius Boros, the only U.S. team to win both its matches. In the morning they shot a three-under-par 70 to squeak past Lionel Platts and Peter Butler 1 up, and in the afternoon they burned another team 5 and 4. But Ken Venturi, trying his first competitive golf since the operation on his ailing hands last June, and Don January did not fare well, losing both of their matches. At the end of the day the score was a standoff, 4-4, and that was as much as Nelson had hoped for.

Four-ball matches were played on Friday, and this, as things evolved, was to be the crucial point, bringing out the best golf on each side. Both Nelson and Harry Weetman, his British opposite, stuck with their three strongest teams in the morning—Palmer-Marr, Casper-Littler and Lema-Boros for our side. Tommy Jacobs filled in for Venturi as January's partner, for it was felt that Ken should not again try 36 holes in a day, and in the afternoon Venturi replaced the 45-year-old Boros as Lema's partner.

Just as it had been the afternoon before, the Palmer-Marr team was sharp. Against Christy O'Connor and Peter Alliss, the only British team to win both its matches on Thursday, the Americans fired a best-ball 33 on the first nine, and



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## GOLF

won 6 and 4. Elsewhere, however, things were not looking so good. After playing the first nine even against Neil Coles and Bernard Hunt, each team going out in three-under-par 32, Lema-Boros lost the 10th hole to go 1 down and seemed unable to regain the ground. January and Jacobs went 4 down to Thomas and Will through the first 10 holes. Casper-Littler, who had been cruising along at even par, found themselves 4 down to Platts-Butler by the time they reached the 11th hole. Then came some extraordinary American heroics that cast a hush over the justifiably partisan gallery. Starting at the 12th hole, January-Jacobs began to whittle away at their opponents' big lead. January won three holes, and then Jacobs came up with two birdies that meant a U.S. win. Right behind this thriller came Casper-Littler, who arrived at the 15th still 4 down to Platts-Butler. Their position apparently was hopeless. But both Littler and Casper birdied 15 to stay alive, and Littler then reeled off three more birdies on the final three holes to gain a tie. Finally, in came Lema and Boros, finishing almost as strongly, but this time the British held on to win.

The results in the afternoon were exactly the same, two matches for the U.S. and one for Britain with one halved, but the formula was entirely different. Instead of the early leads and fast finishes of the morning, all the afternoon matches were close from start to end, and the exuberant gallery was treated to the unique experience of seeing every one of them wind up on the 18th green. Only Palmer-Marr lost, and the U.S. was ahead 9-7, with Saturday's singles matches ahead. The U.S. always does well in the singles—that individuality again—and this year was no exception as it won 10 of the 16 matches and the Ryder Cup 19½-12½.

Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who had followed Palmer most of the day, awarded the cup to the Americans with a graceful little speech full of golfing savvy. Lord Derby, the president of the British PGA, thanked the greenkeepers and the club members and everyone else, and then a lot of other speakers, including the two captains, thanked everybody for everything. The band played *God Save the Queen* and *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the U.S. and British flags came down, and everyone brushed away a tear. It was, they all said, the finest Ryder Cup ever.

END



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## Pigeon of the Year—at least

After beating the best of the colts in The Futurity, Priceless Gem easily ran away from the fillies. She may be the 2-year-old champion

When Hirsch Jacobs raced pigeons around the block and over the rooftops in Brooklyn 50 years ago, he never had to worry about losing his birds. After all, every homing pigeon wants to come home. Now the trouble is that Hirsch races a horse who doesn't like to come home, a long-nosed dark bay named Priceless Gem. "She's a problem," Hirsch says. "She jumps and kicks and worries you. You get her out on the track, and then you think you'll never get her back in her stall again." Priceless Gem might be enough to make Hirsch wish he were back in the pigeon business, except for the fact that no 2-year-old pigeon ever won \$85,000 in an afternoon.

Last Saturday at Aqueduct, Priceless Gem jumped and kicked and worried a lot of other horsemen considerably more than Jacobs as she coasted to an easy win in the Frazette Stakes, beating the best 2-year-old fillies around. A fortnight before, the tall, prancy filly had been the only girl to take on the boys in The Futurity, and none of them—not even the fastest colt in the land, Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser—had been able to catch her. Unless they can in the mile Champagne Stakes on Saturday, this daughter of Hal to Reason and Searching may well be the 2-year-old champion.

It is pertinent to pause and consider the plight of poor Ogden Phipps. Ten years ago he got annoyed with Searching because she did not seem capable of winning, and he sold her to Jacobs for \$15,000. This now seems like the worst mistake since France sold Louisiana to James Monroe. Searching won 25 races and \$327,381, which is a 2,000% return on her purchase price. Retired from competition, she has had three foals, and Ogden Phipps will thank you if you do not mention their names around him

either. They are: Affectionately, winner of more than half a million dollars and six stakes this year; Admiring, who has won \$151,524; and Priceless Gem, who has been averaging \$40,000 for every mile she races. Ogden Phipps has not sold a horse to Hirsch Jacobs since. (He did sell one to Jacobs' nephew, Buddy Jacobson, the colt Bupers, who promptly won the 1963 Futurity.)

Jacobs believes his 2-year-old is even better than her older sisters. "This one has more to her," he says. "She is bigger, and not speed-crazy like Affectionately was at 2. She has learned to relax and wait for the opposition to come to her."

Last week the opposition never appeared, not that many in the crowd of 43,644 expected it would. Priceless Gem went off the 2-to-5 favorite. Of the \$158,793 bet on the field for show, \$144,071 was on the filly. She had won four of her five races, having lost her first when she ducked from the whip, looked into the grandstand and was hit in the face by mud.

She had beaten Buckpasser in The Futurity by half a length and Advocate, winner of last week's \$50,000 Cowdin, by 10½ lengths. She had won the fastest 2-year-old race at Aqueduct this year (1:09.3) by eight lengths.

In the Frazette, Priceless Gem outlooked and outdid her opposition—and not only on the racetrack. While the rest of the field walked calmly and dully around the paddock, Jacobs' filly tiptoed around, swishing her tail and slashing out with her hind hooves. She looked into the eye of a television camera and wheeled, whereupon Jacobs took her by the bridle and looked into her eye. He has a notion that you can hypnotize a horse and it will behave. But when you are a little man like Jacobs and the top of your red head is on a level with your

*continued*

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## HORSE RACING continued

filly's snout, it sometimes is hard to get her attention. Off went Priceless Gem, wiggling her ears, her head held high.

In the race, breaking from No. 3 post position in the field of seven, she rushed into the lead. The others were bunched behind her. She went the first three-quarters of the mile in 1:10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, and by then Jockey Walter Blum had her three lengths in front. In the final turn Lady Pitt, a daughter of Sword Dancer, began to close ground. But Blum saw her coming and Priceless Gem heard her, and the two drew away again. They finished a length and a half in front of Lady Pitt, but the winning margin is not a true measure of the ease of Priceless Gem's victory. She was not extended, and Blum never even shook his whip at her—which is probably just as well. Priceless Gem does not take kindly to whips and, as Blum said after the race, "Mr. Jacobs does not want you to use one on her." She is a game, competitive filly who gives her best even when her shins are hurting. She came out of The Futurity a little sore, and Jacobs fully expected to see her walk out of her stall the Sunday morning after the Frieze looking like a churchgoer who has knelt for an hour on a rough wooden board.

But if Priceless Gem was sound by midweek Jacobs planned to put up \$10,000 to make her a late entry in the Champagne. And if Backpasser is to beat her this year and win the 2-year-old title that once seemed to be his, a will have to be in that race. The Champagne will be his final start of the season.

As for Priceless Gem, Jacobs is making no long-range plans. "I have to see how she is, and sometimes I have dreams or premonitions and I won't run a horse. One time I was talked into starting Symmie when I felt I shouldn't, and that was the day he broke down." Chances are, though, that the big filly will start in the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State on November 6, where she will meet an unbeaten filly named Moccasin, a full sister to Ridam. Moccasin left New York in mid-September after having won four races for Breeder A. B. Hancock Jr., including the prestigious Spinaway and Matron Stakes. She will start in this week's Alcibiades Stakes in Lexington and then will be shipped north.

No matter how tough the competition gets the rest of the year, however, Hirsch Jacobs has obviously come up with quite a pignon.

END



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## A baron abdicates his throne

Not that there was any doubt, but the Italians proved again that they are almost invincible at the bridge table, winning the recent European Championship in Ostend, Belgium. More, they did it with the second string—of the famous Blue Team, only Giorgio Belladonna played—and still they won convincingly.

Even before the matches began, the bugwigs of bridge had something to talk about. Because of ill health, Baron Robert de Nexon decided to resign as president of the European Bridge League after a reign of 15 years. I use the regal term advisedly. The baron was a benevolent despot: his aim was to build a strong European Bridge League and he accomplished it with foresight, diplomacy and a firm hand. It distressed him when a feud with Pierre Jaks and Roger Trézel

continued

West dealer  
East-West vulnerable

		NORTH	
		♠ A 10 9	
		♥ Q 8 6 3	
		♦ 2 6 5	
		♣ A J 4	
		EAST	
		♠ 7 5 4	
		♥ 9 4	
		♦ A K Q 10 8 7 3	
		♣ 3	
		SOUTH	
		♠ K Q J 2	
		♥ K 10 7 5	
		♦ —	
		♣ K Q 10 9 5	

WEST	NORTH (Alfonso)	EAST	SOUTH (De Nexon)
PASS	PASS	3 ♠	4 ♠
PASS	5 ♠	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	6 ♠	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: Jack of diamonds



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leadership. That's Motorola, the people to see for Color TV.

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cost his French team its best pair, but he would not retreat from a stand he felt was right. A world bridge federation was one of his dreams, and he helped to form it and was its first president.

His career as a bridge statesman caused many to lose sight of the fact that De Nexon is a well-rounded success at many things: chief executive of Coty, owner of a great racing stable and a great bridge player in his own right. He was a favorite partner of Pierre Albarran, one of France's bridge giants. He played with him on the team that won the European Championship in 1935 and came to this country to play against the American champions, the Four Aces, in a match part of which was staged in Madison Square Garden. An empty Garden, I might add, for this was before the advent of Bridge-O-Rama, and since the cards were represented rather confusingly by 52 grown men parading around with placards, spectating was difficult.

De Nexon and Albarran had modern ideas even in those days. Here is a hand played in rubber bridge 25 years ago in which Albarran introduced a cue bid in response to a takeout cue bid.

The opening lead attests the vintage of this deal: it was before the modern "low from three to an honor in partner's suit." At first sight, it appeared that the cue bid had prevented North-South from reaching their best combined suit—either hearts or clubs. But six clubs is defeated by diamond forces when the clubs don't split and six hearts requires a phenomenal guess in hearts. Six spades, as De Nexon played it, was ice cold.

Forced to ruff the opening diamond, declarer made an asset of an apparent liability. If trumps did not split, he could not make the hand, so he used the trumps in his own hand for ruffing, leaving dummy's to draw trumps. But he needed three entry cards to dummy and he chose the right way to get them. His first lead was a low heart to the queen. When it held, he trumped a diamond, went back to dummy with a club and ruffed dummy's last diamond. Only then did he touch trumps, leading his king and overtaking with dummy's ace.

While the 10 and 9 of spades drew the adverse trumps, declarer had the unusual experience of discarding on dummy's short trump suit. His two heart discards left him with only one heart and he was able to run four more clubs to bring home the slam.

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# AN ODD SPORT...







## ...AND AN UNUSUAL CHAMPION

*Once a sport enjoyed by a mere handful of thrill-seeking nuts, surfing has become the province of a mass of middle-class nuts who like to perform on small waves. Queen of these hot-daggers is Joyce Hoffman, who wins laughing at sea (right) and smiles when she collects her trophies (above)*

BY GILBERT ROGIN

Steamer Lane, Wild Hook, Rincon, The Overhead, Muihba, P. V. Cove, Lunada Bay, The Cliff, The Pier, Salt Creek, The Cove, Cotton's Point, The Trestles, The Church, San Onofre, The Swarms, Windansea, Sunset Cliffs, The Tjuana Sloughs, K-39, San Miguel, Makaha, Halewa, Waimea Bay, Sunset, The Banzai Pipeline. The fore-going makes about as much sense to the middle-aged Middle Westerner as a Gregorian chant or the Upanishads, but to the swelling ranks of surfers it has a stirring, meaningful, "really neat" sound—the roar of surf—for these are the venerated places on the West Coast and in Hawaii that have the top wave.

Surfing has come a long way from Duke Kahanamoku to Annette Funicello, but who knows just how far? Grubby Clark, the president of Clark Foam, the nation's largest manufacturer of blanks unfinished surfboards—says he doubts that there are more than 200,000 surfers in the U.S. Grubby, by the way, is called that because he has perfected a technique of shaving that almost works. LeRoy Grannis, the publisher of *International Surfing*, one of two national magazines devoted to the sport, says there are 350,000 surfers, almost all of them teen-agers.

Hobie Alter, who is by far the largest manufacturer of custom boards, which account for about 75% of the market, says there are 400,000 surfers. Don Murray, the executive secretary of the United States Surfing Association, says there are more than half a million surfers in California

and another half a million in the East. He also says that the rate of growth is 20% a year. *The New York Times* says the USSA says there are "several million surfers in the United States and the number has been almost doubling annually." If this keeps up, by 1972 the number of surfers in the U.S. will be greater than the population. "Kalahunga!" as someone always yells, obscurely, in the surfing movies.

Two of the foremost figures in this great, uncomputed mass of surfers are a California father and daughter, Walter and Joyce Hoffman. Walter, a vice-president of Hoffman California Fabrics, Inc. of Los Angeles, is a member of surfing's old guard—he was one of the first and best of Hawaii's big-wave riders—that now comprises a small and fairly lunatic fringe. Joyce, who is a freshman history major at Santa Ana Junior College and is considered the finest female surfer of all time, belongs to surfing's new wave. She is a hot-dogger, or small-wave rider, as, of necessity, is practically everyone else on the West, East and Gulf coasts. In southern California, for instance, there are generally only three or four days a year when the surf gets to be 15 feet, compared to 200 days of two-foot surf.

In place of the largely neurotic thrills sought by the big-wave riders, hot-doggers indulge in stunts, such as hanging ten (standing on the nose of the board, toes curled over the tip). Hot-doggers have a raunchy reputation among grown-ups. This is mainly because about five years ago some surfers used to drop their bathing suits, did a bit of breaking and entering and threw rocks at a Santa Fe train or two in order to express their attitude toward society, but this anti-social behavior is largely a thing of the past now that the great, imitative middle class has overrun the sport.

The Hoffmans live in Capistrano Beach, Calif., which is halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego. The Pacific forms what Joyce calls "a crummy beach break"—surf breaking directly against the shore—a few yards in front of their house, which is chiefly decorated with polished abalone shells and the trophies Joyce has won in surfing contests. Before the Hoffmans built a low seawall the waves occasionally broke in their living rooms. Joyce is 18, 5 feet 7, weighs 125 pounds and has long blonde hair. When she was in Peru for a surfing contest last February she was known as The Blonde Goddess of the Sea. "I'm just beginning to live that down," she says. Joyce is usually known as Boo. "They also call her The Jolly Green Giant," says her sister Dibby, who is 13. "I'm taller than the other girl surfers," says Joyce, "not fatter. Most are real heavyset. I don't want to be an Amazon. I like to be skinny. If I get any bigger I'll die. Do I die? Oh, boy! It's an advantage to be small. When you're big, you just squoosh the waves." One of the reasons Joyce

continued



wears her hair long is that she does not want to be mistaken for a boy when she is surfing far from shore. "If they think that I'm a boy, they'll just think I'm crummy," she says.

The Hoffman household is composed of Walter, his wife Patricia, Joyce, Dibby, Tony, 12, and Robin, 4. Mrs. Hoffman hardly ever goes in the water, but she knits 300 sweaters a year. Walter, who is called Heavy, because he is, is much in demand as a judge in surfing contests, particularly for the tandem event, in which a man and a woman form acrobatic tableaux on an extra-long board. Tony is more interested in karate than surfing; he recently broke his hand trying to split a piece of lumber with it. Dibby gave up surfing because she kept getting injured, and has now taken up the inflatable raft.

Dibby aside, surfing is a surprisingly safe sport, much safer, for instance, than skiing, to which it is closely related. Most surfing accidents are a result of being combed by loose boards. Joyce has been knocked out and had her nose broken by her board, has distinctive knobs on her feet from paddling, and suffers from a pterygium, an eye growth prevalent among those who have prolonged exposure to the sun, which in some cases has to be cut away annually. She was also knocked out when she was thrown by her horse, Shanef, a purebred Arabian. Joyce sold Shanef last year because she no longer had time to ride him. "It wasn't fair to the horse," she says. "It made me feel guilty. We'd gallop on the beach for miles. It was so neat. He'd never want to stop. I'd get up at 4:30 and go riding by myself, then surf all day. It kind of made for a long day, though."

During the summer Joyce surfs in front of her house for at least four, and sometimes as many as eight, hours daily. "After eight hours you can't move," she explains. "I get bathtub pucker. If I didn't put lotion on my legs I'd look like a prune." Sometimes she even surfs at night. "It's scary, with the waves crashing outside," she says. In the winter, when the water is 54°, she goes out for two hours. "You have to do it," she says. "That's all there is to it." Although she wears a wet suit, it doesn't cover her feet. "Your feet are purple for three hours," she says. "They get so numb, you get to the beach and you can't walk."

"Boo surfs a lot longer than other girls," says her boy friend, Joe Lanco, who is 20 and studying architecture at the University of Santa Clara. "They surf for an hour and a half and call it quits—they get tired. She forces herself to go out. I hate to cast aspersions, but most girl surfers are slightly unsavory. Boo's not a prude or a dud, and she's not missing anything else out of her life either—that's the neat thing."

"I'm competitive," Joyce says. "They're not. Of course, anything you do so much, you get sick of it. I keep trying to think of excuses for not going out there, but then I really feel guilty, although I'm good enough now so that I can practice by just sitting in the house thinking about surfing. The worst thing about surfing is you don't have a coach, someone to push you."

"I've tried to coach her," says Walter, whom Joyce occa-

sionally calls The Mouth. "I tell her things she should do, but she never does them."

"I analyze my surfing," Joyce says. "The other girls don't. They're really dummies. The better you get, the harder you have to push yourself. I think I'm going to have an ulcer. You wouldn't enjoy surfing if you did it like I do, but I do. I have to be the best. It's a really big deal with me. I don't know why. You'd have to analyze me, I guess. It's inborn in me. I'm not that good yet. There's no reason I can't be as good as the boys. If I didn't think I was considered the best I'd quit."

Indeed, the gravest disappointment of Joyce's life came in her junior year at San Clemente High, when she lost an election—in fact two elections—for student body president. The first election was declared invalid when it was discovered that her opponent's supporters had stuffed the ballot box. "What a ding he was!" says Joyce. "What a mess! What a scandal!" She says that when the election was rescheduled her supporters were not informed it was taking place and did not vote.

"My daughter's real weird," says Walter. "She wants to win. The other girls couldn't care less."

"I'm the only surfer I know of that trams," Joyce says. "Surfers aren't athletes yet. So far the sport's not that competitive, not that precise. You don't have to be in shape. You can stay up late, smoke, drink and still pull through. Most surfers couldn't make it in any other sport. They don't have that much endurance."

Joyce doesn't drink or smoke and she goes to bed early. She has never been to what she calls a "rock-out" or a "really radical" party. When she was 9 Walter told her he'd give her \$500 if she hadn't smoked by the time she was 21. She can earn another \$500 by not drinking before 21, except on special occasions.

Joyce doesn't wear goggles or swimtrunks adorned with so-called competition stripes or sweat shirts stenciled with *HALEIWA STRAINED FOR 65% FEWER CAVITIES, COORS*. (There's a surfer from Huntington Beach, Calif. who wears trunks that his wife made out of an old tablecloth. They feature all the latest fads: stripes, three colors and flowers. He tops off the effect with a full, curly beard.) Joyce's mother makes her daughter's bathing suits out of spinnaker cloth. They are modified bikinis cut low under the arms to preclude chafing. For contests, however, she wears suits made by Catalina, which sponsors her.

Joyce doesn't use surfing jargon, what she calls "all that ridiculous, assine language you hear in the movies." Its usage is most prevalent among "road surfers," kids who tool up and down the Pacific Coast Highway with their status symbols—surfboards—on top of their cars and rarely get wet. In fact, Joyce doesn't even go to surfing movies. "I wouldn't waste my money on them," she says. "Dibby tells me about them." Joyce says there are only three in terms currently used by "real surfers." These are "stoked," which means very enthusiastic or wound up; "jazzed," which means more or less the same thing; and

*continued*

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"bitchin'," which means good, as in "That was a bitchin' wave." An utterance such as, "You wanna go out there and turn on or you wanna go out and catch a mess of little stuff and mess off?" she considers "really too much." Says Joyce: "I've never seen a sport where guys so horrible talk so big. They don't surf much, but they sure talk about it. I surf so much that I don't want to talk about it. Boy, what dings they are!" What are dings? "A ding," she says, "is a doughnut." Oh.

Joyce has little use for the weekly TV surfing programs emanating from Los Angeles, and she doesn't think the surfing magazines are so hot either. "They're hard up for news all the time, I guess," she says. "They're full of stupid stories and stuff."

*Surfer* has the larger circulation of the two magazines: 90,000. It carries ads for Hang-Ten surf wear, runs fiction in which the hero either rides a monster wave to his death or miraculously survives and, in a house ad, offers a two-by-two-and-a-half-foot mural, for only \$1, entitled the *Ultimate Journey*, which depicts a guy riding this 75-foot wave.

Joyce maintained an A- average at San Clemente High School. "She's not that smart," says Walter. "She was in there all night with the covers over her head and a flashlight. She got so shook when she didn't get a good grade." "My dad doesn't give me any money for A's," says Joyce. "It's horrible! I didn't love any of my classes or anything. English seminar was my favorite, but I thought all those famous old novels were kind of boring. They're all so philosophical. I don't want to be a brain. I want to be the best surfer."

She is. "Joyce could compete successfully against most of the men," says LeRoy Gramms. "When she has a good day, the other girls are just along for the ride." *Surfer* magazine named her Woman Surfer of the Year for 1964, and she is the only surfer, male or female, to have ever won five consecutive USSA contests. In fact, she has won all but three of the last 17 she has entered.

**A**lthough surfing is not really suited to competition, contests have proliferated. In 1964 the USSA sanctioned four; this year it is sanctioning nine. The ancient Hawaiians, who named the game, were thought to have held contests in which the idea was to ride waves for distance. Today surfers are judged primarily on their choice of waves, what they do on a wave, when they do it and how well they do it. Only functional maneuvers—such as turning, nose riding and stalling—count, and waves are ridden just as far as they are worth riding. Stunts like standing on one's head and 360° spinners are considered merely ornamental, and therefore worthless.

The surfers paddle out six or so at a time for 12- or 15-minute periods, and the judges score each ride on a point system, as in diving. The number of waves ridden is also a factor—the more the better—which is where Joyce's training pays off. Furthermore, while most girls surf in a fairly

sedate fashion, Joyce moves around a lot, trimming her board and turning frequently to get the most out of a wave. She is also the only girl who consistently rides the nose, a feat that greatly enhances her score.

Joyce doesn't hang out with her competitors. "They think I think I'm above them," she says. "But I can't go up and talk to people. I'm a real loner. I'm shy. I never say 'hi.' I've never needed friends. I'm very self-sufficient. The other girls are always trying to get me to go to parties, drink, smoke. It's not worth my explaining it to them. It's better for me if they think I think I'm above them. It helps me psych them out. In the contests I'm always ready way ahead of time. I always have three or four bars of wax. They never have any. They're so disorganized. I drink orange juice and honey beforehand. I'm sure they think it's screwdrivers. I try and fool them. I say, 'Gee, this surf looks pretty good.' Of course, it's lousy. They're biting their nails. The worse the surf, the better I do. They always get the girls the worst surf—early in the morning, when the tide's wrong, or late in the afternoon, after it's blown out. Why waste good surf on girls? Ninety-nine percent of the surf in contests is horrible. But if you can surf a yukky beach break, you can surf anything. That's why it's ideal in front of my house."

The other day Joyce stood on her front porch, sipping Tiger's Milk and watching a great horde of surfers sitting on their boards upon the swells. "They're sheep," she said. "They're beautiful. You pay \$50,000 for a house and there's 50 million idiots out there running it for you. You'd think in your own front yard you could have a wave to yourself. Up north they're really horrible to girls. They're friendlier down here—they sometimes give you waves. At Malibu it's dog eat dog—showing, kicking. They're really yuks." When she is asked what advice she has for a youngster who wants to take up surfing, Joyce says, "Don't. There'll be more room."

One of the reasons there are however many surfers there are is the foam surfboard. Before World War II the surfboard was simply a heavy plank, solid or hollow. In those days there were 400 active surfers in southern California, and the sport consisted essentially of standing on a board in a rather stately posture and riding the wave toward the beach, like Venus coming ashore on her half shell. A lot of poetry was written in a largely unsuccessful attempt to describe the sensation. In the late '40s a board made of fiber-glassed balsa was developed. It was lighter, more buoyant and much more maneuverable. It also opened up a great many new surfing beaches, because it could be ridden in beach breaks, which are more common in southern California than point or reef surf. It was not until 1956, however, with the advent of the fiber-glassed polyurethane foam board, that surfing caught on. The foam boards, which generally weigh less than 35 pounds, require almost no maintenance—unlike the glass boards, which became waterlogged if the "glass" was ruptured—are easier to ride because of an improved shape and are much simpler to

*continued*



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1. How cold do you like your beer?  
Ice cold ☐ Around 40° ☐  
At 50° or so (rather British, you know) ☐
2. Which do you like best?  
Canned beer ☐ Bottled beer ☐  
Draught beer ☐  
Any of these, as long as it's Budweiser ☐
3. Do you like your beer straight from a bottle or can? ☐  
Or do you prefer to pour it into a glass? ☐
4. When you do use a glass, do you ease the beer down the side? ☐  
Or do you pour it with a flourish to get a healthy head of foam? ☐
5. Do you like salt in your beer?  
Yes ☐ Gosh, no (especially not Budweiser!) ☐
6. Do you like to drink your beer in little sips? ☐  
Big swallows? ☐ Something in between? ☐
7. Have you ever read that famous Budweiser label?  
Yes ☐ No ☐
8. When you drink beer, do you usually have more than one can or bottle or glass?  
Yes (whoever heard of drinking just one Budweiser?) ☐ No ☐
9. Which beer is brewed by 'exclusive' Beechwood Ageing with natural carbonation to produce a better taste and a smoother, more drinkable beer?  
Budweiser ☐ Some other brand ☐
10. How much foam do you like on a glass of draught beer?  
One inch ☐ None at all ☐  
An inch and a half to two inches ☐



# What kind of beer drinker are you?

This is a beer quiz that we gave to our own head brewmaster. We know he's very good at *brewing* beer, but we wanted to check up on his *beer-drinking* habits. Naturally, since we're terribly biased in favor of our product, we wanted him to score well. He did. A perfect 100 points, as a matter of fact. With a beer-drinking brewmaster like this, no wonder Budweiser tastes so good.

Just for fun, why don't you match your own beer-drinking habits against those of our brewmaster by answering the questions on the opposite page (score ten points for each). While you're taking the test, it might be a good idea to cover up the answers below (maybe with a six-pak of cold Bude®).

- |                          |                             |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 10. 1 1/2 to 2 inches.   | perfect just as it is.      |
| Beechwood Aged!          | 5. No... Budweiser is       |
| beer in America that's   | 4. With a flourish to get a |
| 9. Budweiser is the only | healthy head of foam.       |
| 8. Yes. Always.          | 3. Into a glass.            |
| a story.                 | 2. Any of these, as long as |
| 7. Yes... it tells quite | it's Budweiser.             |
| 6. Big swallows.         | 1. Around 40°.              |

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## ODD SPORT

manufacture in quantity. Mass-produced foam boards, which are called pop-outs, cost \$60 to \$130; custom boards run from \$120 to \$190, depending on size and ornamentation.

Gubby Clark, who has gotten rich in the foam boom, has, in symbolic gratitude, decorated his house with abstract bas-reliefs carved out of pure foam.

Along with the bals and foam boards, the new style of wave riding evolved—hot-dogging. The board could be readily turned (by some, with practice) and so it could be ridden back and forth along the breaking wave, instead of merely straight in, and various stunts, such as hanging ten, could be performed (by a few, with a lot of practice).

Big-wave riding was, is and probably always will be something else. So were, are and probably always will be its practitioners, who drive unswervingly, and desperately, across giant walls of water. "You got to be a jerk, kind of," says Walter Hoffman. "I saw one picture of Walt surfing," says Fred Van Dyke, a celebrated big-wave rider who teaches math at Oahu's Punahou School, "and I was stoked. Walter's really messed up more guys." Van Dyke spent four years in psychoanalysis as a result of his hang-up on big-wave riding. "I was really jazzed," he says. "I told my analyst, 'I want to be helped, but please don't take away my surfing.'"

"Guys ride big waves for ego support, to compensate for something that's lacking in their lives. They're not making it, they can't get involved like the so-called normal person. They have an underlying feeling that they're not doing anything with meaning. Man needs an outlet that's ego-gratifying. Surfing gives you a feeling of accomplishment. But the feeling's gone in four seconds, and then you have to start all over again."

"Surfing should be fun. It's not fun. It's absolute terror. Big-wave riders are scared people. They have to go out there to prove that they're not afraid, to prove their masculinity. Surfing's not masculine; there's nothing left after you've done it. Most big-wave riders are latent homosexuals."

"Once I broke my board in half at Waimea. I was so pumped, I knew I had

hit the ultimate. There were all these cameramen on shore, and I knew they got the picture. Then I realized what a complete farce it was. I sell surf, because I'm a victim of my culture. I can't transcend it."

Walter Hoffman thinks that big-wave riding is approaching the "ridiculous" stage. "It's getting so now they're going into stuff where some guys will drown," he says. "You can't ride a wave after it gets to be 28 feet—tops 30. But there's a guy sitting right now in the Islands with a special board and a helicopter standing by who's determined he's going to be the first to ride Kaena Point, which is inaccessible and where the surf is 50 feet. You can't catch waves over 30 feet. You can't paddle fast enough to get them."

Nowadays big-wave riders mooned in southern California have become superstitious on motorcycling, and most of them own bikes, which they ride in the hills. Friday nights they all go to the motorcycle races at Ascot Park in Gardena to watch, with awe and passion, their hero, Sammy Tanner, who weighs 115 pounds in his leathers and is called The Flying Flea.

"Hobe wanted to give him a board," Walter said at Ascot the other night, "but the guy can't swim. Sammy Tanner has never made a right turn in his life. I've never seen him go down. He prob-



ably doesn't even get jazzed when he's crossed up on the corner at 60 miles per hour. It's unbelievable. He's unreal! He's unreal!"

Walter ran into his brother Philip, known as Flip, who used to be an ah-lone diver and is now secretary-treasurer of Hoffman California Fabrics. "My brother's gone down 100 feet," Walter said. "He used to live alone for weeks in a box on an 18-foot boat. He was his own tender. He's had the bends so many times he had to quit. My brother would race motorcycles if he could."

"I've ridden the biggest wave that's rideable," Flip said. "Sammy Tanner has more guts."

"My brother's fearless," Walter said. "That's why he digs this."

Mackey Muñoz, another big-wave rider, was drinking white wine out of a bottle wrapped in newspaper. "I got to be drunk to watch this," he said. "I'd get a heart attack otherwise."

"These guys are doing something!" said Phil Stubbs, a surfer and lieutenant of lifeguards at San Clemente.

"It's so unbelievable," said Walter Hoffman, "you can't believe it."

According to Dr. Harvey Powelson, the chief psychiatrist at the University of California at Berkeley, members of the middle class have taken over surfing

in the last five years because they saw in it an expression of a freedom that they felt they had been deprived of—it seemed to them to be one version of the Great American Dream. Last year Powelson and Erving Goffman, a sociology professor at Berkeley, proposed a surfing study, but it was not approved by the university administration. (Apparently the only scholarly works on the subject are an M.A. thesis in sociology by an ex-safecracker and a dissertation by a Ph.D. candidate in anthropology at Harvard.) Powelson, who wears a beard and a crew cut, was to have been the participant observer, a role for which he is well qualified. He was an occasional surfer until his board was stolen—or, as he admits, until he permitted a situation to exist which made it probable that his board would be stolen. Goffman is renowned for his work as a participant observer. He spent a year incognito as a patient in a mental hospital, and another year as a dealer in a Reno casino.

Powelson and Goffman wanted to study the three distinct surfing subcultures that existed in southern California before the last of them was obliterated by the middle class. Powelson says that the first, which obscurely flowered prior to World War II, was an almost invisible fraternity composed mostly of fairly intellectual young men from the upper middle class. The second sub-

continued

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Cosupenz at Carlsbad, Calif., Joyce "hangs ten" as she stands on the nose of her board, her toes over the lip, a feat no other girl surfer can consistently perform.







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## ODD SPORT

pick it up in the morning. It's pretty hard to purposely do that. The girls wrote that they were coming up to California to see me. They said they were taking lessons on how to make a bed."

In addition to her trophies, Joyce has won \$450 worth of clothes in the Hermosa KJ-TV contest, \$200 worth in the Laguna Sports Masters contest at Redondo Beach and a trip to Hawaii in the U.S. championships at Huntington Beach. Now, the USSA, looking ahead to the day when high school or college teams might regularly compete in surfing, is considering recommending that prices be limited to merchandise that is worth no more than \$75. In fact, Don Murray, the USSA's executive secretary, does not believe in surfing contests. "It's not a competitive sport," he says. "It's too subjective. There are too many variables—tide, wind, waves. I wouldn't go to a contest for anything in the world, except we're pushing this thing in an attempt to put surfing in terms that people will understand, to make it acceptable. Contests are our showcases. People understand contests. You take a bunch of kids throwing rocks at random and people look askance, but if you go and hold a rock-throwing contest—people understand that."

Surfing still retains, perhaps indelibly, a somewhat raffish reputation. "As soon as you put a board under your arm you're labeled a strange creature," says Hobie Alter. There is probably an element of envy involved here, too. "To a middle-aged businessman there's something a little unsavory about a guy who's 18, all tanned and spending all his time surfing," says Joe Lancaster. "It's really not that different from sailing, but surfing has no tradition."

This notoriety is, and always has been, greatly exaggerated and sensationalized, but it is not entirely undeserved. For example, in San Clemente every garage freezer is locked, and during the summer the cops check them five times a night. It's not the local kids who break and enter, but out-of-towners who have gotten stoked on perfect, well-formed, glassy tubes (waves, not dope) and decided

to stay overnight but have spent all their money.

At the opposite pole is the San Onofre Surf Club, which is at the same time one of the most exclusive and one of the tackiest clubs in the world. Founded in 1951 and located at Camp Pendleton, its facilities seem to consist of little more than a few shacks badly in need of repair, which serve as dressing rooms and toilets, and its existence seems to depend on the whim of the Marine commandant. The SOSC has 800 members, each paying \$20 annual dues. Among the more prominent are Oes Chandler, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, Actor Jim Arness, Orange County Superior Court Judge Robert Gardner, Architect Kent Attridge and Don Tillman, assistant chief city engineer for Los Angeles. There are also a lot of members like the Walter Hoffmans. The waiting list numbers 500, and the only prerequisite for joining is the ability, however slight, to surf.

It's mostly an informal family scene at the SOSC, with a volleyball court dividing the martini-and-steak set of the north end (Chandler), which last year threw a catered luau, from the beer-and-hamburger set of the south end (Arness). Elderly men wearing straw hats, smoking cigars and drinking cans of beer sit on the swells astride their boards, occasionally riding a wave in, stall scatted. One old gentleman says he only surfs on his birthday, of which he has several every summer.

But such clubs are rare. One of the greatest attractions of surfing is that it is an individual sport and you don't have to belong to anything to do it. "Surfers are too damn independent," says LeRoy Gramms. "They can't see beyond the ends of their noses but, like the hot rodders, if they don't get some group that represents them they're going to be trampled on."

"Kids resent organizations," says Don Murray. "In surfing you just pick up your board and go—no rules, no uniforms, no one you have to compete with. Skin diving has a similar appeal, but surfing's cheaper. Sports where the majority of the participants are teen-agers are hard to organize. It's going to take adult

continued





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## ODD SPORT *continued*

and civic cooperation. Kids are too irresponsible. "What do I get out of it?" they say. "What do I care about Seal Beach? I live in Malibu."

One of the main problems surfing faces is that there is an increasing number of surfers and a decreasing number of good surfing beaches. Many West Coast towns have closed their beaches to surfing or limited it to specific hours. The construction of new harbors has eliminated other surfing areas. The California Fish and Game Department is now building concrete structures underwater to attract fish, and it is the USSA's fond hope that these can be somehow located in places where they will create artificial reef surf.

"Surfing is not controlled by the people in it," says Murray, "but by those who control the beaches. These people are not necessarily interested in the surfer's welfare. The beach cities should make some provision for surfers. We don't question the swimmer's rights; everyone questions the surfer's. Los Angeles and San Diego generally have good attitudes; it is those scrubby little beach towns that are always yelling about the bunch of bums that come down on weekends and lounge up their beaches. What do those towns have to offer anyway? Why don't they exploit surfing?"

"The serious surfer isn't any better or worse than the typical born-ager," says Joyce Hoffman. "Maybe he's a little bit rowdier, that's all. You can find the crumbs in everything. You see what you want to see. Aristotle—one of those big philosophers—said the same thing 2,000 years ago: 'Gee, this new generation is going to pot.' It's just natural, I guess."

"Surfing's really neat. The ocean and the mountains are the neatest—the way the ocean can change so fast, just like the mountains. Every wave is different. Every beach is different. It's really a neat feeling, this big thing between you and nature. You have to outthink the wave, you're mastering nature, you're making the wave give you something. It really kills me to see beginners wasting a wave, not getting anything out of it. If we ever had to move inland I'd run away. I wouldn't want to be one of those inland jerks."

END

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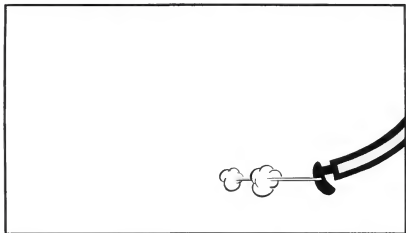


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# MEET MR. ZIP



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## MONOPOLY IN THE AFTERNOON

Sirs:

According to you, college football now has a videotape gadget for instant discovery of "the opponent's defensive spacings and secondary adjustments" (SOCIETARIAN, Oct. 11). Humph! I say. Humph! and harumph!

Wasn't it bad enough that we had binocularized little men sitting in the press box telephoning down to the bench, and coaches sending plays in by the shuttle system and shortwave, and team films that are studied and diagrammed all week long, and innumerable other techniques for taking the game out of the hands of the natural athletes on the field and putting it into the hands of pot-bellied, bald-headed, 53-year-old coaches pushing buttons on the sidelines?

This videotape business should be thrown the hell out. What is going to happen to the little schools that can't afford \$25,000 worth of electronic equipment? Will future scouting reports point out that "Dormant State U. opens strong but tends to bog down in the second half because of inferior video equipment"? Will RCA buy Fordham and make it No. 1 in the nation by overpowering the other teams in electronic know-how?

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must continue to speak up against such absurdities on behalf of the millions of us squares who like our sport as natural, minus gimmickry and geegaws. We want the game returned to the athletes who take the knocks and the fractures. There is a popular argument to the effect that a superscientific age is inevitably going to be reflected in superscientific sport. But inevitability is no defense. Ketchup was inevitable, too, but I don't see your food editors recommending it.

College Football's Establishment (i.e., its coaches and athletic directors) is trying to turn a rugged, graceful competition into a life-size Parker Brothers game in which each coach can roll the dice, pass Go, collect \$200 and get an extra throw to prove his genius and manliness at the expense of the players. I say take their toys away from them; let them teach the game during the week and turn it over to the players on Saturday, the way the good Lord intended.

CHARLEY RHODES

Reading, Conn.

## COOLED BOILERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your insight into the Purdue-Notre Dame game (*Oh, That Grease-Kid Stuff?* Oct. 4). You're right, it could just as easily have been 32-7 as 25-21. But c'mon, Dan Jenkins, some of us Boiler-makers can walk, chew gum and proclaim "We're No. 1," all three at the same time. There are a few guys who can do the jerk

and even know of a guy here who had a date last Saturday with a girl! As far as needing a compass to find Cher Paul—aw, Mr. Jenkins, that one really hurt.

Nevertheless, we hereby humbly invite you to join us on the Theta Chi Fraternity Club Car to the Rose Bowl. We will leave the "dull-red buildings on the plain of West Lafayette, Ind." on the 27th day of December 1965. If Dan Jenkins can make it back to New York still thinking we're a bunch of engineers, well, I'll eat my slide rule.

HOWARD CLARK

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

After reading your beautifully written piece of satire concerning Purdue University, I wish to make sure that the rest of America interprets it correctly.

First of all, Purdue is uniquely a living demonstration that truly intellectual, down-to-earth people still exist in what has become a pseudointellectual world. If you will note, this is the 20th century. The study of science and technology has made a place for itself on an equal plane with philosophy.

Moreover, large industrial, urban areas such as Gary, Ind., would have fewer headaches if their young "adults" would stop doing the jerk (which you mentioned as one of the signs of "coolness" at Northwestern, Michigan, etc.) and transmit their energy to some good old-fashioned book-learning.

Since I am not a blonde, I could not qualify for Golden Girl, but I am a B-average political science major, date a Boiler-maker, do the jerk and live on a farm. I am proud of it and of Purdue.

SHAY KEEL  
Miss Purdue 1965

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

Speaking of the jerk, I think Dan Jenkins should receive the All-American Jerk-of-the-Week Award. I'll bet he can't even chew gum, let alone "chew gum and walk at the same time."

TOM REIM

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

A campus of dull-red brick buildings? Dan Jenkins should have stuck around for the Victory Varieties after the game and seen our 6,000-plus-seat Hall of Music with the perfect acoustics, set off at night by a lighted fountain near the entrance.

He should have tried a tour of the marble-walled, spacious Memorial Center with its libraries, art work, auditoriums and theaters. He missed the modern new Krannert Building and the Graduate House

housing boys and girls under the same roof. How's that for "cooled out"?

At old Purdue, it's first class all the way. Our kids are schooled as well as cooled. I'm proud just being the town half of this town-and-gown community.

Damn it though, I did miss the Golden Girl. Even us hay shakers go for that.

JACK KIMPEL

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

That Saturday, Purdue engineered an end to Ara's era at Notre Dame, and that was no social mistake!

JAMES DAYTON

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

In 1899 I was a quarterback on Purdue's varsity. Since then I have followed the team—always trusting each year that we would have a team that would top them all.

As a subscriber to your magazine ever since it was first published I have sometimes thought your eastern sportswriters could not see over the Alleghenies, but now, after reading *Oh, That Grease-Kid Stuff?* I'll never have another such critical thought. Dan Jenkins should have a medal for his well-written and accurate account of the game.

FRED L. WATERMAN

Bettendorf, Iowa

## SHARK BAIT

Sirs:

Colin Pinchey's article about Dr. Eugenie Clark and her "fish friends" was fascinating (*Lady with a Fishy Reputation*, Oct. 4). I don't believe she will ever have to worry about sharks. She is so pretty they would just swim around her in pure admiration.

R. HELM

Jacksonville, Fla.

## N vs. M

Sirs:

There have been many interesting articles in SI concerning the two best baseball players in the major leagues—Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays. I suppose one of the most controversial issues of today is which is the greater ballplayer. I would favor Mays. The quality of Willie Mays is not to be measured with steel tape or slide rule or statistics. Even though a statistical case could be set up for him, it is not in the numbers that you will find this man's greatness. It lies, rather, within him—in a quality of impending excitement, like Vesuvius just before she blows her top.

Willie Mays is never predictable. He may turn a game upside down with his bat, his glove, his arm or his legs. Even when we

continued



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### 19TH HOLE *continued*

learn to anticipate all these talents, still he continues to amaze and confound us. To me he is the most exciting player in the game of baseball.

MARC STEPHEN SILVERS

Brooklyn

### LAST STAND

Sirs:

In his article *The College Game Is Best* (Sept. 20) John Underwood makes a particularly significant point when he says, "There is no such thing as a goal-line stand in pro football, because every team has a kicker." I have a recommendation that I believe would bring back the excitement of that last-ditch action in both the college and pro games.

If a team begins its series of four downs within the 10-yard line, it would be permitted to attempt a field goal only on the first down. If it begins a series between the 10- and 20-yard lines, it would be permitted to attempt a field goal only on first or second down. If the team begins between the 20- and 30-yard lines, it would be permitted to attempt a field goal only on first, second or third down.

The benefits are obvious. A team beginning a series of four downs within the 10-yard line would have to decide immediately whether it would go for the three points or not. The team would not be permitted to make three unsuccessful touchdown attempts and then partially recoup its failure with a fourth-down field goal. If a team chose not to attempt a field goal on first down, fans could enjoy the suspense of knowing that the offense had now committed itself to score a touchdown. They would witness either a brilliant goal-line stand or a touchdown, not three magnificent defensive efforts plus one anticlimactic, automatic field goal.

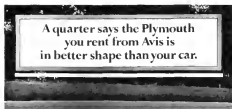
Each first down a team earned would renew the opportunity to go for a field goal. Thus, from the 20- to 30-yard lines a team would have two plays in which to move the ball forward before attempting a field goal. If the team moved the ball forward (or advanced by penalty) to a first down between the 10- and 20-yard lines, it would once again have the opportunity to attempt a field goal, but this time only on first or second down.

It is good that innovations in the game come slowly, but we have waited too long for a revision in the field-goal rules. For instance, critics of the game have long advocated a rule change that would return the ball to the original line of scrimmage after a missed field-goal attempt. I agree, and I believe such a change, together with my recommendation, would result in a better game.

RICHARD N. DEGUTHIER

Rockford, Ill.

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THIS WAS THE SWING INTENDED TO MAKE GOOD ON THE BABE'S GESTURED PROMISE TO HIT THE BALL INTO THE BLEACHERS

## The Case for Faith in the Babe's Called Shot

A true believer summarizes the evidence on Ruth's famous homer at Chicago in the Series of 1932

by JOHN WALSH

While Babe Ruth's records steadily crumble under the never-ending assault of newer bats and younger muscles, there is always some consolation for older fans in memories of the epic Called Shot—*there*, at least, is something no one will ever duplicate or surpass. When all of Ruth's official records are dust he will still be enshrined in that glowing October afternoon during the 1932 World Series when he pointed in lordly scorn to the distant bleachers and then detonated the next pitch to the exact spot. Or will he?

No one knows when baseball's No. 1 great moment first began to show signs of erosion, but for at least two decades there has been a slyly undercutting of the story among baseball people. By 1957 *Baseball Digest* was able to publish an article in which all of the evidence against the Called Shot was rounded up and neatly tied with black ribbon. Herbert Simons, author of the article, very logically went back to some of the old newspaper accounts of the game and also talked to the two men who, presumably, were closest to the big moment. Yankee Manager Joe McCarthy and Charlie Root, the Cub pitcher who served up the fated pitch. Simons reported that of the more leading sportswriters he had checked none had anything to say about the Called Shot. In addition, he quoted a denial from Root ("If I had thought

he had tried to show me up I'd have knocked him right on his tail"), and he pictured Joe McCarthy tortuously refusing to deny the story but also unwilling to affirm it outright.

A difficulty for the historian is that a personality like Ruth's breeds legends. His admirers added touches of their own to his flourishes. He hit a home run in the first game after his marriage on April 17, 1929. But did he really stop after he crossed second base and doff his hat to his bride? There are those who swear he did. The skeptics are likely to see myth even in the facts. So it has been with the Called Shot.

Simons admitted that Ruth had done some clowning that memorable afternoon 33 years ago, including calling strikes on himself by waving his fingers in the air, and in one of these offhand gestures he identifies the source of the Called Shot: "What a few romantically interpreted as 'pointing' was merely a sweep of his hand as he brought it down."

Legends are not so easy to kill, of course, and the *Digest* article did not prevent longtime sportswriter Allison Danzig from selecting the Called Shot as baseball's greatest moment in his monumental *History of Baseball*. All the same, the legend had been given another shove toward oblivion. It did seem incredible that not even one of the writers mentioned by Simons should have

continued

recorded something about Ruth's fabulous gesture if it had really happened. Or else Simons, wading through the ocean of newspaper copy that had flowed out from Wrigley Field that afternoon, had missed something. Before I was willing to let that grand tableau fade into the light of common day, I decided to spend a nostalgic afternoon or two in the library checking Simons' sources.

The lengthiest quote Simons provided was from a story by Richards Vidmer in the *New York Herald Tribune*, and he remarks of this account: "Beautiful descriptive writing—but notice not one word about a 'Called Shot'." I had not spent much time reading the original Vidmer story under the dull glare of the microfilm machine before I realized that there is comment about the Called Shot that Simons for some reason had not quoted: "The very first time he came to bat in the opening inning, there was confidence in his manner as he stepped up to the plate. He paused to jest with the raging Cubs, pointed to the right-field bleachers and grinned."

Well, that was something, but unfortunately it referred to the first inning and not the fifth, in which the titanic homer was hit. But if Simons' queuing eye could completely overlook those bothersome little sentences, I thought, perhaps further digging might yield richer ore. The only other account Simons quoted at some length was by John Drebing of *The New York Times*. I read the original Drebing account side by side with the article and couldn't suppress a slight yelp of triumph as I came across the following sentence: "In no mistaken motions the Babe notified the crowd that the nature of his retaliation would be a wallop right out of the confines of the park."

It was hardly fair of Simons to have kept that back from his readers. Now we had two mentions of a Called Shot where there were supposed to be none!

Simons does not deny that a few days after the Series ended there were scattered references to the Called Shot in the papers, but he insists that the first mention did not appear until three days after the game. That would mean the papers of October 4. I began plowing through some papers of October 3. The *New York Daily News* for that day carried its regular column by Paul Gallico, which was datelined October 2. The column was all about Ruth, and it included

the following: "He pointed like a duelist to the spot where he expected to send his rapier home and then sent it there. He went so far out on a limb with his gestures and his repartee and his comportment at the plate, that if he had missed he would never have been able to live it down. . . . The Babe now held up two fingers and shook them so that they seemed to reach right into the Cub dugout. And this time it was probably the most daring gesture ever made in any game. Because it meant that he intended to knock the next one out of the park."

After reading that I admit I had a



THE SHOWMAN HAD HIS SERIOUS SIDE

feeling of exultation. It was tantalizing to wonder what a systematic search of all the country's newspapers for Oct. 2, 1932 would reveal, but having turned up three new contemporary mentions I felt I had gone far enough. The case, as far as I was concerned, was wide open again, and Ruth was back on center stage. That conclusion was strengthened even more when I reread the two excerpts that Simons had quoted only in order to discount.

Bill Corum on October 4: "Words fail me. When he stood up there at bat before 50,000 persons, calling the balls and strikes, with gestures, for the benefit of the Cubs in the dugout and then, with two strikes on him, pointed out where he was going to hit the next one, and hit it there, I gave up. The fellow's not human."

Tom Meany on October 4: "Babe's interviewer then interrupted to point

out the hole in which Babe put himself Saturday when he pointed out the spot in which he intended hitting his homer."

What, I wondered, actually did happen that day? After all, it wasn't so long ago. Why so much doubt and debate about an incident that supposedly took place in full view of a huge and avid crowd? Now, after a patient reading of many other original accounts of the game, I think I can offer an answer to that question. Ruth did call his shot, and it is only because we take the thing so seriously today that we find it hard to believe.

The Yanks had won the first two games of the Series in New York with Ruth contributing practically nothing. He had been in baseball 19 years, was on his way out and the Cub fans weren't backward about telling him so. But Ruth was always ready to do battle, and all during the third game he strutted, wisecracked and hurled insults. The fans jumped on him in the bottom of the fourth inning when he tried to make an impossible shoestring catch, kicked the ball back toward the infield, chased after it, fell on it and did everything but dig a hole and bury it. The runner stopped at second.

At bat in the top of the fifth, Ruth spent a good deal of time stepping out of the box and shouting gibes at the Cub bench. It is impossible to say what the count was, since the reports vary, but it is certain that Ruth had blown two strikes past him. After each of them the Babe indicated the situation to all and sundry by wagging his fingers in the air. This was baseball's supreme player in the twilight of an incredible career but still the dominating personality on the American sports scene. Now, in one electric moment, all of the old bravado and vestiges of the once-great skills suddenly rose up again. He pointed, definitely and deliberately, toward the distant stands. It was a hurried gesture missed by many in the big park, but it was Ruth's quintsensual moment of triumph. He had never done such a thing before, and (if he had stopped to think about it at all) he knew he could never do it again, but just this once he had put down all his chips. Then Charlie Root tried to whip over a third strike, Ruth swung and the ball soared into the bleachers. It hasn't stopped yet, and I think it never will. **END**



## The Portuguese call it Jôgo do Pau. I call it mayhem.

**1** "Here's a rough sport that calls for skill, strength and, most important, stamina," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "A good Jôgo player uses all the tricks of

fencing—jabbing, sabre-swinging, lunging, parrying—with just a supple 5-foot stick as his weapon. I'd done some fencing so I thought I'd give Jôgo a try.



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**2** "The idea of Jôgo, they said, is to overwhelm, rather than injure, the other fellow. So I began a whirlwind offensive. But I couldn't touch him with a five-foot pole."



**3** "Then he went to work like a master swordsman, penetrating my defenses at will. I back-pedaled but he kept on coming. In Jôgo, only a fool fights till he's down. I resigned."

**4** "Thoroughly licked, but not disgraced, I went off arm-in-arm with my opponent to a nearby tavern for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine... Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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